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1885.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LIII

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 5.

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FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1885:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' costume. Double bust darts, narrow under-arm gores, side-

The pattern, which is No. 9723 and costs 35 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

The costume is exceedingly handsome and stylish, and is here made of a light quality of cloth, silk and plaid tinsel braid being very attractively introduced. The skirt is fashioned with three nicely fitted gores, that are trimmed at the bottom with a narrow side-plaiting of the material headed by a row of the braid mentioned; and above this row are placed two other rows of similar braid. The front-drapery is deeply reversed at the left side, the reversed portion gradually decreasing in depth toward the center of the drapery and finally disappearing at the right side of the center. The reversed portion is faced with silk, and plaits laid upward in the side edges cross-wrinkle the drapery handsomely. The back-breadth is very wide and is laid in two triple box-plaits from belt to hem, the plaits being stayed underneath to tapes, and suggesting the waterfall style of drapery now so fashionable.

The basque shapes a point at the closing, arches high over the hips, and is arranged to fall in four long loops at the back, the loops separating below the waist-line.

will rarely receive any garniture. Knife, box or side plaiting may, however, be applied to its lower edge.

back gores and a curving center seam fit the basque exquisitely. Down each side of the closing is arranged a row of braid, which is continued with stylish effect about the lower edge of the front and sides. Turning backward from the closing above the bust are fancifully shaped revers that are faced with silk and are quite broad, and about the neck is a high standing collar. The coat sleeves have deep, round cuffs simulated with silk.

This costume is exceptionally handsome for plain and embroidered nun's-veiling, batiste and cotton goods of all kinds, and also for velvets, brocades, foulards, Surahs, serges, Ottomans, cashmeres and novelty suitings of all varieties. Combinations are strikingly effective, and may show two colors or two or more varieties of goods, as preferred. For washable goods, such as lawn, cambric, seersucker, gingham, chambray or cross-barred muslin, no style of garment could be prettier; and the decoration usual on such materials is lace or embroidery. The gores may be as elaborately trimmed as the taste desires, but the back of the skirt



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited], in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 9749.—Fancy dress goods and velveteen are united in this handsome dress-body. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of one material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting goods, each 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9749

LADIES' POINTED BASQUE.

No. 9729.—Plain and brocaded silk were employed for the basque here illustrated, the plain silk being applied in the form of ruching. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9729



9726

Front View.

9738

INFANTS' WRAPPER.

No. 9738.—Spotted cashmere was used for the pretty wrapper here represented. Any variety of material suitable for such garments may be made up in this way, light-weight woollens being especially desirable. The pattern is in one size, and, to make a garment like it, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9726

Side-Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 9726.—Embroidered cashmere was employed for making this stylish over-dress. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, requires $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9720

Right Side-Front View.

MISSSES'
No. 9720.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses of 13 years, it needs $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet 20 ins. wide for



9733

Front View.

9733

*Back View.***CHILD'S APRON.**

No. 9733.—This little apron is here made of plaid gingham and trimmed with embroidery. The pattern is in 4 sizes for children from 6 months to 3 years of age. For a child of 1 year, it requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



9720

*Left Side-Back View.***COSTUME.**

for misses from 8 to 15 years old. For inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, vest, collar and bands. Price, 30 cents.



9753

Front View.

9750

Right Side-Front View.

9753

*Back View.***BOYS' SAILOR BLOUSE-WAIST.**

No. 9753.—Navy-blue flannel was chosen for this jaunty waist, and white braid in two widths forms the decoration. The pattern is in 10 sizes for boys from 3 to 12 years of age. To make the waist for a boy of 7 years, will require 2 yards of material 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



9750

*Left Side-Back View.***LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 9750.—The pattern to this handsome walking-skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches waist measure, and may be used for any variety or combination of fabrics preferred. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material and 6 yards of figured goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the one and 3 yards of the other 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' STREET TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of Girls' jacket No. 9743, and costume No. 9106. The pattern to the jacket is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. The pattern to the costume is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide: the jacket needing 3 yards; and the costume, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards. If 48 inch-wide goods be selected, then 5 yards will be sufficient.



9732

Front View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

NO. 9732.—The quaint little costume here shown is made of plain wool goods and velvet. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, it requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9732

Back View.



9763

Front View.

CHILD'S WRAP.

NO. 9763.—This comfortably designed pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 4 years, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9763

Back View.



FIGURE NO. 3.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This illustrates Girls' costume No. 9722. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it needs $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the waist. Price of pattern, 20 cts.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

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A little boy with curly locks
Plucked flowers in early May.
And brought them blooming to mamma
One bright and sunny day



They're very pretty, said MAMMA.
"But why this rusty can,
When we have vases prettier far
For your flowers, little man?"

"I know it MAMMA, said curly head,
But this old can, you know,
Has helped me keep them fragrant
And I cannot let it go."



"Well son," replied the mother,
Your feeling is but right;
So I will all endeavors use
To make the old can bright.
And though it may be battered,
No stains or rust will show
The tin shall gayly glisten
Rubbed with

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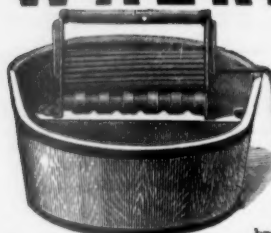
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"COMING THROUGH THE WOOD."—Page 324.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. LIII.

MAY, 1887.

No. 5.



ARTHUR'S HOME.

THE HOME OF JULIET AND ROMEO.

IN the quietness of an Italian April day we saw for the first time, coming in from Venice, the towers and churches of Verona, nestling in the beautiful valley of the Adige, which surges, rushing down from the Alpine hills, divides the city in two, like a keen sabre's edge. The distant aspect of the city, called by the Italians "Verona la Digna"—Verona the Dignified—with its walled walls and medieval towers, is very striking. The city occupies the slope and base of a hill, the last spur of the Tyrol Alps, and is surrounded by groves and villas. In a little while we were whirling over one of the five stone bridges which spans the Adige, not a tawny, lazy stream, like the Po and the Tiber, but full of the wild rush and life of an Alpine torrent, and were in the midst of the old city.

VOL. LIII.—19.

What a host of memories rushed upon us! For rich in romantic, historic, and artistic interest is Verona. Verona of the Scaligers! Verona of Valentine and Proteus! Verona of Romeo and Juliet! Verona of Catullus and Dante! Verona, which has architecture of Sanmicheli and paintings of Paul Veronese, and arches and an amphitheatre built in the time of the Flavian Caesars!

Both arches and Coliseum are among the best preserved monuments of old Roman days existing in Italy or out of it. The latter is almost intact, being much better preserved than Trajan's Coliseum at Rome. The internal aspect of the arena is complete, and we could imagine the marble seats crowded with spectators, the podium honored with a haughty praetor and his straight-nosed Roman wife, watching with listless gaze the brutal combats on the sands below, where men and

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"COMING THROUGH THE WOOD."—Page 321.

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JULIET'S TOMB.

THE HOME OF JULIET AND ROMEO.

IN the sunshine of an Italian April day we saw for the first time, coming in from Venice, the towers and churches of Verona, nestling in the beautiful valley of the Adige, which stream, rushing down from the Alpine hills, divides the city in twain, like a keen saber's edge. The distant aspect of the city, called by the Italians "Verona la Degna"—Verona the Dignified—with its serrated walls and mediæval towers, is very striking. The city occupies the slope and base of a hill, the last spur of the Tyrolese Alps, and is surrounded by groves and villas. In a little while we were whirling over one of the five stone bridges which spans the Adige, not a tawny, lazy stream, like the Po and the Tiber, but full of the wild rush and life of an Alpine torrent, and were in the midst of the old city.

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beasts were slaying each other to make a Roman holiday. The interior is frequently used nowadays for exhibitions of horsemanship, dancing on the tight rope, fireworks, public meetings, political celebrations, and other public spectacles.

"The first thing that engaged our attention and wonder too," he writes, "was the amphitheatre, which is the most entire of ancient remains now extant. The inhabitants called it the *Arena*; it has two porticoes, one within the other, and is thirty-four rods long, twenty-two in breadth, with



VERONA.

A little more than two hundred years ago, that famous Englishman, John Evelyn, visited Verona, and recorded his impressions of the place in his immortal diary. It is interesting to note what were the salient features of interest to an educated gentleman of that long-ago generation.

forty-two ranks of stone benches or seats which reach to the top. The vastness of the marble stones is stupendous.

"There are arches, as that of the victricie of Marius over the Cimbrians, the battle occurring on the adjacent plains just outside; temples, aque-

ducts, etc., shewing still considerable remains in several places of the town, and how magnificent it has formerly been. It has three strong castles, and a large and noble wall. Indeed, the whole city is bravely built, especially the Senate House, where we saw those celebrated statues of Cornelius Nepos, Emilius Marcus, Pliny, and Vitruvius, all

were in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree; here of all places I have seen in Italy, would I fix a residence."

To American and English visitors of to-day, Verona first suggests Shakespeare, and brings to mind the words of the prologue to *Romeo and Juliet*.



THE AMPHITHEATRE.

having honored Verona by their birth, and of later date, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, that prodigy of learning."

The worthy diarist describes a visit to the gardens of Count Guisti's villa, where he saw the "goodliest cypresse" in Europe, and speaks of several fine paintings in the churches by the old masters. He closes the description by saying, "In my opinion, the situation of Verona is the most delightful I ever saw; it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and vallies, so elegantly planted with trees, on which Bacchus seems riding as it

"Two households both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours traffic of our stage;

The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend."

Not omitting the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a portion of which play is laid in the locality. Indeed, few travelers care for aught else in this magnificent city of the middle ages than to see the mansion of the Capulets, where lived the gentle maiden whose fate has been lamented by so many hearts, and sung by so many poets, and to sigh at her tomb.

Shakespeare and the stage have made Juliet and Romeo synonymous with the very name of lovers. Whether they ever existed in the flesh or not, they are truer to life and nature than are many facts. Outtopping the memory of the Scaligers are the



JULIET'S HOUSE.

lives and loves of these two faithful souls of Verona. Most true is old Montague's prediction that

"While Verona by that name is known
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet."

So far as concerns the Montagues and the Capulets, certain it is that Dante in his grand verses mentions two families by these names dwelling in Verona in anything but harmony—in fact, living in a deplorable way, very much as Shakespeare depicts them. And Dante ought to know the facts in the case, for he resided at the Veronese court,

then the most splendid in Europe, several years under the protection of the magnificent Cangrande Della Scala. But whether the youthful scions of these rival houses ended the feud by their faithful loves and tragic deaths no one can truly say. The earliest mention of this "story of woe" occurs in the *Romeo e Giulietta* of Luigi Da Porta, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century, upon which the English dramatist probably built his play. The native historian of the city, Girolamo Della Corte, however, relates the fundamental facts as having really occurred in the early part of the fourteenth century.

True or not, no one who wanders along the banks of the swift-flowing Adige fails to visit the high and narrow old building in the Via Cappello, where the tender heroine is reputed to have dwelt. The palace where the proud old Veronese noble once feasted his friends and held high carnival is now used as a tavern, and in Juliet's balcony one will see long lines of wet clothes hung to dry after the shiftless Italian way.

Juliet's grave was shown to strangers long before Shakespeare became known to the Italians, and if she ever had one it must have perished long ago; but "*La tomba di Giulietta*" is still one of the sights shown to tourists. To see it one enters the garden of the Orfanotrofio, where a swarthy-checked Italian girl, somewhat darker and coarser than the daughter of the Capulets as represented in most prints, conducts you to the relic in question. It is of red Verona marble, and undoubtedly did duty as a washing trough before promoted to its present honor. One is hardly likely, in imitation of the Empress Maria Louise, to carry off a fragment of the marble and have it carved into mementos and keepsakes, though a very sentimental young or elderly lady might do so. Roses were blooming before the door of the chapel—real Florentine roses, such as Juliet may have worn in her black tresses and Romeo flung up to her lattice those mornings before the nightingale sang.

We ask for the house of Romeo and for the tomb of the Montague hero; but no one can tell aught of him or whereabouts he once had dwelt. In all Verona there is no trace of him whose bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne ere the great shadow fell. Few of the Veronese, I learned, had even heard of the gentle youth, though Juliet's story they had by heart. Why is he not commemorated as well as his mistress? Verona must have been all Capulet and suppressed the glory of the hero who died for love, as they would have that of the hero who won honor in arms were he not Capulet, too.

Verona is emphatically a city of palaces; several, such as the Canossa, Pompei, and Tesi palaces, are among Sanmichelli's masterpieces. People should know more of this fourteenth-century

architect than they do, for he was the founder of modern military fortifications, laying down the rules subsequently followed by Vauban. Among the forty-eight churches in the city is the Cathedral, mostly rebuilt in the twelfth century, where Evelyn saw the "Dorothea" of Raphael, which is not there now, but where is the "Assumption" of Titian. Most of Paul Veronese's pictures have been carried from his native city and now rest in Venice. The Church of St. Zeno, the patron of the city, is a notable structure and interesting to the visitor on account of its pure Gothic style of architecture.

There are other tombs in Verona besides that of Juliet. In an inclosure adjoining the Church of Santa Maria Antica on the Piazza de Signorio, are the tombs of the ancient princes who once ruled in Verona. They are models of the most elegant Gothic art, open as filigree, light, spiry, full of statues rising in rows and caged in their fretted niches. Slender as they seem, these sculptured monuments have stood entire for five hundred years in a public street, the frequent scene of riot and battle,

"Which made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their beaming ornaments
To wield old partisans in hands as old."

Can Grande Della Scala, the most eminent of these old rulers, will be remembered as the friend and patron of Dante, who entertained the poet when exiled from his native Florence. At the lavish and hospitable court of this Prince, Dante wrote the larger portion of his poem, *The Divine Comedy*, and he pays a warm tribute to the Podesta's character. There is no nobler passage in the *Paradiso* than that in canto sixteenth, relating to Can Grande and the poet's long-standing and very intimate relations with him. This most magnificent and valiant Prince died before he was forty. The old chroniclers paint him utterly without shade—one of those Italian nobles of the middle ages who was grand in his crimes as well as in his abilities and successes. But across the darkness and storms of his life passes the gleams of his friendship for Dante and his love for the beautiful Ricetta, loveliest of all Italian women.

Of love and lovers in Italy surely there is no end; but they are confined to no country, no clime, no condition. Iceland, region of hoarfrost and gleaming ice-fields, has its lovers as well as Italy, realm of sunshine and flowers. The tropics may burn and melt, but the north binds by frost and holds in icy chains. Africa throbs above her burning sands, and Liberia melts amid her lingering snowdrifts. Occident and Orient have the same heart, and with the purple vines at her feet Vesuvius is the same as Hecla, girt by her eternal snows.

Insular and unsentimental Britain and broad

and practical America hold love and loyalty more sacred than do more southern lands. They keep their feeling in reserve, instead of wasting it in expression, nor do they deem that protestations, vows, and tears are surest signs of faithful breasts and truthful hearts.

H. MARIE GEORGE.

"A TRUE STORY OF OLD VIRGINIA."

IT was a story for the twilight—that strange, dark boundary-line between the old day and the new evening—that grandma told us—three children sitting as near her as we could possibly squeeze, and the youngest one, Meg, in her lap. "It was a true story," she said, and she had heard it "many and many a time from her mother, who was the baby of the story and whose mother had told it to her just as she had gone through it all at that dreadful time." The firelight sparkled and danced around us and we all waited impatiently for grandma to begin.

"Well, grandma," said John at last, as grandma rubbed her glasses and looked into the fire musingly.

"Well, children," said grandma, looking round at us with a smile, "you know that this is about your great-great grandmother English"—Meg gave a solemn little shake of the head at so many "greats"—"who lived in Virginia in the time when there was often trouble between the white men and the red. The sky was never so blue but it might be stained by a creeping thread of smoke from the burning of a settler's home, and the night never so quiet but you might be roused by shelterless women and children fleeing for safety or, worse still, by the yell of invisible foes."

Janie peeped over her shoulder into the dark corner and wedged her stool a little closer.

"However, my grandfather was young Jack English then, and a hale and merry young fellow of twenty-four he must have been. He was not afraid that bright spring morning, as he plowed a straight furrow in the rich, new soil of his meadow-field and paused, only for a moment, at its end to listen to Katherine singing an old hymn-tune—I have often heard what it was:

'To Zion's hill I left mine eyes'

at her spinning-wheel. Katherine English had a sweet, clear soprano—like a bird, my mother used to say—but it was not because he was so fond of music that the young farmer turned his next furrow with a lighter heart and a merrier whistle; it was because he felt sure that his young wife was not afraid when he heard her singing."

"What was she 'fraid of?" asked Janie. "I thought everybody was brave in those times."

Grandma smiled.

"The people that were afraid haven't been much written about, my child. But your grandmother

English was a young wife and very timid and dependent on companionship and protection. Her neighbor, Mr. Potter—an elderly man, but a great hunter—often laughed at her and teased her about her false alarms.

"To-day, however, she felt very light of heart as she sang away at her wheel. Her floor was as white as scrubbing could make it, her pots and pans shone with rubbing, dinner was on the fire getting ready for twelve o'clock, and her two children—lovely, healthy creatures—were playing merrily in the sunshine. She stepped backward and forward briskly at her wheel, that buzzed a cheerful undertone to her voice.

"'W'at's 'at?' suddenly cried the boy, with his eyes fixed on the door and a sharp accent in his tone.

"Katherine looked hurriedly around—she had not heard a whisper or a movement, but surely that was the door-latch rising slowly. She stood with wide-open eyes—too frightened to move or speak, when a hand was roughly laid on her mouth and she was held tightly in the grasp of a powerful Indian, who had stolen in through the back room, while another dusky form, gliding in through the opening door, seized the children and gagged them with strips of their aprons which they quickly tore off. Another moment and, in spite of all her struggles, they were carried silently out of the back door and hurried into the woods so stealthily that scarcely a branch stirred behind them or a leaf was crushed in their flight. Their journey, with but few halts, was pursued for several days and nights; for the encampment of this tribe was in Kentucky, and it was evidently the intention of these Indians to put as great a distance as possible between their captive and her friends.

"Katherine remembered very little about this part, hurriedly carried on through miles and miles of untrodden woods, except that once, near some settlement, they caught an old Dutchwoman out looking for her master's cow, and tying her tightly, with many grunts of amusement and guttural syllables, they carried her off too. When they arrived at the encampment, Katherine and her children had a separate wigwam and were not treated unkindly. Her tasks were light and she was not interfered with, except that she was closely watched whenever she left the wigwam, but the children were allowed to play where they chose.

"The summer wore on with intolerable hours of longing and homesickness, carefully concealed from the Indians, for Katherine knew her only chance of escape lay in feigning contentment."

"I don't see how she could have done *that*," commented Nell, with her great, truth-telling eyes. She had stolen into the room so quietly while grandma was telling the first part, that nobody had noticed she was there, and we all laughed and

made a little, clear space for her when we found it out.

"Go on, grandma, please," said John, who was eager for the escape.

"At last, early in the fall, most of the young warriors and some of the old braves, too, went on the war-path, and Katherine and the old Dutchwoman were allowed to do very much as they chose. They went one day, with bark baskets, to gather wild grapes, which had been touched by an early frost, and hung, black and sweet, from the vines in a distant part of the woods. They had scarcely dared hope for such an opportunity, and they made their way at once to a stream of water, and, plunging in it, waded for a long distance, hoping to keep the Indians from tracing them. They did not stop, you may be sure, in this first part of their flight, until fatigue forced them to rest and once or twice they thought they heard behind them the Indians' yells and even the *twang* of their bow-strings.

"It was a long and arduous journey and took weeks of weary traveling; for often they lost their way and often were forced to make long circuits to avoid meeting other Indians and being recaptured. They were terribly hungry, and Katherine, delicate and dainty as she had been, even ate a dead scorpion she found on the way."

Meg made a queer little face of disgust.

"They had some most remarkable escapes from wild animals of the forest, against which they had no means of defense. Twice it happened that when they thought they were being pursued by Indians they ran into a herd, once of wild buffaloes and once of deer, and they moved quietly aside and let the poor, panting, frightened women pass through without molesting them or seeming afraid of them."

"Whew!" whistled John; "tell that to the marines! I don't mean any disrespect to you, grandma, but your grandmother must have had—an imagination."

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me," said grandma, smiling a little. "I often wondered about that myself; but there is still another adventure."

"Oh!" remarked John, derisively, "this gets sensational."

"Hush!" said Meg, "I want to hear it." And "so said we, all of us," like Bluebeard's wives in the pantomime.

"It began to grow very much colder," resumed grandma, "and snow had been falling all day on the hardened ground. Their garments, as you may imagine, were worn and torn, and they took shelter from the frosty night air in a great, hollow tree. Katherine English was on the outside, and being a light sleeper, she was awakened by a sound near the aperture as if of heavy footsteps, accompanied by a low growling." Grandma's voice sank to an impressive whisper.

"The moon had just risen to its full height, and she could see, as plainly as in the daylight, a large bear! He approached cautiously and snuffed the air, as if suspecting intruders in his den. She gave herself up for lost as her despairing look met his two great eyes glaring into the hole, but suddenly Bruin turned around and sat down at its mouth. Her terror was so great that she could not sleep for a long while, but at last she was so exhausted that she fell into a doze, and when she awoke it was broad day and the bear was gone."

"Must have been a dream," put in John.

"But he had left proofs of his presence in the freshly made tracks on the snow," continued grandma, with a little more emphasis in her tone. "They had now crossed such a long distance of forest that they felt quite safe as far as their former captors were concerned; but a more horrible danger menaced them. The berries were all gone from the woods, and even the edible roots were hidden by the snow. They had been for days without food, and the old Dutchwoman began to show terrible signs that her brain was being affected by long hunger. She muttered to herself constantly in an angry and threatening way, and often looked at her companion and laughed, with a sinister look. At night, Katherine dared not stir for fear that a chance movement might awake and enrage the old creature to such an extent that she would kill and devour her for food.

"But the woods grew thinner and they were drawing near a settlement—Katherine hoped not far from her old home. They even, one day, saw a horse that had died and been frozen, and the sleigh-bells were on his neck. Hard as their extremity was, the Dutchwoman stopped and unfastened the bells and secured them about her person."

"A fine illustration of Dutch thrift," exclaimed Nell.

"They next came to a river, down which pieces of ice were floating, but which could still be crossed. The old Dutchwoman demurred when she saw a small canoe, and your great grandmother, seeing an opening for a double escape, sprang in, and pushed herself over, though she had never used a paddle except in sport before. She was horribly exhausted when she reached the other side, but she recognized the country as familiar, and struggled on, sometimes crawling on her hands and feet. At last she heard a loud 'hallo!' and the barking of dogs, and making a last effort, she uttered a long cry for help, and fell swooning in the snow. It proved to be her neighbor, Mr. Potter, out hunting with some of his friends, and he always declared that he instantly recognized the tone of her voice. She was very tenderly cared for now, and after they restored her to consciousness, they carried her to

the nearest house, while one of their number hastened to bring her husband."

"What became of the economical old Dutchwoman?" asked John.

"Katherine told her friends about her as soon as she came to her senses, and some of the men recrossed the river, and followed her by her tracks to their encampment the night before, to which she had found her way. She was having a very jolly time, for they had left provisions and clothes there, and she had already put on a suit of men's clothes, and was broiling venison steaks over the rekindled fire, and laughing to herself with satisfaction."

"How joyful the meeting between Jack English and his wife must have been!" said Nell softly, as the laugh died away.

"It was indeed, but it was a long time before Katherine English recovered from her starvation and fatigue. She was ill a long, long while, and suffered terribly, having to be nursed and fed like a young child by her husband. But the strangest part of all was that when she did recover, her character—gentle, tender, and shrinking—seemed to have undergone a total transformation. She became daring to recklessness and impatient of all control or restraint, often mounting a spirited horse late at night, and riding miles and miles through the woods alone to see a neighbor, if the fancy seized her. Her energy never failed, and she was a wonderful manager, but the sweet, timid Katherine of old days was gone forever."

"And the children, grandma!—the children she left with the Indians?" cried little Meg, clapping her hands.

"After a long time they got them home again, but it took months of journeying, negotiation, etc., and barter before the Indians would consent to let them go. The little girl was my mother—she was too young to remember much about her captivity, but she always said the Indians were good to her, and the sight of a red face for a long time was a great attraction to her, though Jack English could not bear for an Indian to see her. You know in those early days the friendly Indians were constantly coming about the white settlements on one errand or another.

"But the boy had become so fond of Indian life, that it was a long time before he could be tamed and civilized at all, and when he grew up to be a man he actually moved out to Kentucky to live, and spent most of his time—like Daniel Boone—in hunting, fishing, and trapping."

So ended grandma's story of the old days of the spinning-wheel and the musket—a true history of one of the families whose descendants still live in Virginia, and keep the tradition as it was handed down from grandmother and mother to the children of the present generation.

E. F. M.



HUNCHBACK JIM.

<p>WHEN all things seem quite against me, and I deem my life a curse; When, for fancied wrongs or real, thoughts of discontent I nurse; Then I turn with softer feelings to a memory far and dim, And again, through mist and shadow, stands before me Hunchback Jim.</p> <p>Pale and ghostly, weak and ailing, never feeling free from pain, Oh! how bitter were his sufferings, yet who heard him e'er complain? Though his sorrows grew around him, he was meek and patient still, Ever gentle in his troubles and resigned to Hea- ven's will.</p>	<p>I could understand his trials, for he was my friend and mate, And we worked for years together, coming early, going late; And he often would, while toiling, pause in pain to gasp for breath, While his hands grew hot and fevered, and his face as pale as death.</p> <p>And when I turned round to hold him, and to cool his burning brow, "Thank you, Jack," he'd smile and murmur, "thank you, Jack, I'm better now;" And while he still was speaking, he would stagger, fall, and faint— Oh! what agony of suffering—yet not one word of complaint.</p>
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He went working on in sickness, when he should
have been in bed,
But he had a feeble mother who looked up to him
for bread,
And so on and on with patience, looking forward
to the day
Which should make an end to sorrow with the
broken mold of clay.

Fate condemned him to a city, far from pleasant
grove and rill;
But he nursed, with mother's worship, flowers on
his window-sill;
And he held each morn communion, in a language
strangely sweet,
With the little birds that fluttered, picking crumbs
upon the street.

He had never known the music of a wife's soft,
loving tone,
Nor the clasp of baby-fingers he could fondly call
his own;
But the children all around us used to gladly run
to him,
For they knew the loving-kindness of poor child-
less Hunchback Jim.

But at length there came the morning when I
missed him at his place;
On the bench his tools lay listless, mourning for
the wonted face;
Shadowed by a dark foreboding, dearly the day-
light passed,
Till uneasy, fearing, doubting, I could go to him
at last.

There he lay—his cheek grown hollow—on his
narrow little bed,
And my footsteps broke the stillness with a
solemn, ghostly tread;
Yet he sweetly smiled upon me, and he tried to
rise and speak,
But his tongue could give no utterance, and he
fell back faint and weak.

Through the night the lamp burnt dimly, flick'ring
with the throes of death,
And I sat and grieved and watched him, in the
dull smoke of my breath;
When his voice the silence startled: "It's a smil-
ing land," he said,
"And she's coming! Yes, she's coming! Jack,
it's Freedom—she's ahead!"

Sure, no purer life did Heaven ever summon unto
rest;
Patience, faith, and sweet contentment dwelt
within that gentle breast;
Soaring happy with the angels, do I love to think
of him,
And I always feel the better for my thoughts of
Hunchback Jim.

REGINALD BARNETT in *The Changing Year*.

THE SILVER THREAD.

THE winter day was like a diamond, clear cut
and shining, with a kind of interior radiance
that gave one the impression of a transparent
phantom-like quality to all material things, that
served scarcely to veil the real living substance of
spirit.

Nature's soft, sensuous season of beauty had
faded as the leaf which the sword of death had
sharply pruned away, and the gray skeleton
branches in forest and field gleamed with a sil-
very light against the crystal sky, casting hardly
the flicker of a shadow on the unbroken whiteness
of the freshly fallen snow.

"It is a pretty day, Mother," said Father San-
born, resting his elbow on the bare table beside
him and looking out of the low south window in
the little old brown house, falling with himself
into slow, quiet decay.

"Aye—so," responded the old wife, drawing a
little closer to the window and spreading her thin
hands to the warmth of the sun flowing shadow-
less through the crumbling sash. "I think I
smell spring violets," she added, with a dreamy,
far-off look.

"No, Mother, I guess not yet," said the old man,
smiling a little at the odd conceit, but remember-
ing that Mother was not feeling right well to-
day.

All the time he was picking with nervous fin-
gers at a small rent in his worn vest-front, after
an unconscious habit that he had when a thread-
bare place appeared in his faded but clean old
garments—a habit which had prompted the thrifty
housewife to mend until the combination of pieces
in the Father's apparel would have served as a
model for the young lady's scheme in crazy patch-
work.

"How did you get that tear, David?" she asked,
adjusting her spectacles and bending forward to
inspect it.

"Well, you know, I was pullin' an old board off
the garden fence—for a little kindlin', ye know—
and a rusty nail ketched in the thin spot," he
apologized.

"Yes, yes," assented the listener. "Has it
come to the garden fence, Father?" she queried,
cheerfully, glancing at the little armful of wood
that he had just laid by the rayless kitchen
stove.

"Mebbe the 'Squire will let me pick round and
chop off the dead branches in his wood-lot next
week," returned the old husband, with hopeful
evasion of the question.

"Well, well!" said the old lady, pleasantly ig-
noring the subject of wood. "Now, you jest take
off the jacket and let me mend it, Father."

"But—but ye know the thread is all used up,
Dorothy," objected Father Sanborn, fumbling un-

certainly among the empty spools in the little box of sewing implements on the window-sill.

Times were very close just now. Nobody but themselves knew to what straits they had come since David had grown so feeble and unable to work. But they uttered no complaint, even to each other.

"Well, you just take off the jacket, David, and I'll contrive some thread somehow," replied the old lady, with a confidence in which the husband had long reposed. She was full of expedients that were like the miracles of Providence to him.

She went out now and came back presently with a garment past use, from the seams of which she began carefully to pick the thread, but it proved too worn and worthless for re-sewing, and she abandoned the effort with a suddenly brightening thought.

"There's a great many ways," said she, pulling the little back-comb out of her hair and letting its still heavy and luxuriant length untwist and fall in silver ripples upon her bowed shoulders. Sitting there in the sunshine, she seemed suddenly enveloped in the shining aureole of a saint.

Old David Sanborn leaned forward and let his hand glide softly over the snow-white waves with a tenderness and reverence of touch that expressed far more than the passionate and poetic praise of a younger lover.

Then pulling out a long, glistening thread, the dear old lady held up her needle to the light and endeavored to pierce its eye with the silken hair. But her glasses, she was sure, did not serve her as well as usual, and, after struggling with the old bows for a more accurate adjustment, she took them off and wiped daintily, with her clean silk handkerchief, the speckless lens.

"Let me try, Mother," said the watchful, sympathetic husband, taking the needle in his clumsy fingers, striving to pick up the shining thread, and in his effort dropping both upon the floor.

So, while he went down upon his old knees to search for the lost bit of steel, Madam Dorothy, with a little laugh, drew from her needle-book another with a larger eye and miraculously threaded it at the first trial.

"Now, then!" she said, triumphantly taking the garment in hand and beginning her fine darning, finding with delight that her new brand of silk worked marvelously well.

It was a slow, patient performance, requiring several difficult needle threadings, but it was accomplished with great interest to the old people and amid pleasant little jests about the loss in trade to thread dealers who could no longer depend on their custom amounting, they guessed, to "two spools a year."

They found pleasure in recalling the time when their thread bill had been quite extravagant—when Amanda and James and Helen and William

had kept the family needle busily plying through endless rounds of seam and yearly successions of patches.

Without effort of memory, long processions of roundabouts, trousers, pinafores, frocks, caps, and sunbonnets in various patterns, passed before the old mother's vision, but faded in the shadow of the churchyard-pines, under which the wearers had for many years slept quietly with no need of anything her hands could do. Only Jack was left. But where in the wide world was poor Jack? He had been a sad, wild boy, and had wandered away, no one knew whither. It would be "fifteen years, come March," since they had heard from him.

His memory was a deep sore in their old hearts, and while they talked often, with a kind of comfort, of the dear children in "the better land," they rarely mentioned Jack.

The winter sun was falling low when the fascinating work was done, and old David had resumed the vest with the wonderful darning pressed warm against his heart. By that time they began to feel the need of their evening meal, and while the husband brightened up the fire with a few choice bits of wood and set the filled tea-kettle over the inspiring blaze, Dame Dorothy drew up the table spread with its clean, patched cloth, and set thereon the old-fashioned plates with blue landscapes and the gay flowered tea-cups and saucers, which her hands had wiped and polished for forty years. Then she brought out some fragments of dry bread and a small dish of stewed apples, over which, as an extra relish, she carefully sifted the slightest dust of sugar from the nearly empty bowl matching the cheerful cups, and, with the addition of the horn-handled knives, two-tined forks, and quaint silver spoons bearing her maiden name, she sat down to wait the pleasant murmur of the boiling tea-kettle. When this was heard, she poured a steaming stream into the warmed and waiting little earthen tea-pot, shook over it an ancient tea-caddy (from which nothing appeared to flow), and set the pot back upon the hearth to steep. To be sure, the caddy had not smelled a dust of Hyson for the last month, but the ceremony of using it at every meal was a kind of balm to the pride of the thrifty old housewife and showed no falling off of domestic comforts.

If any one had happened in at that or at any other hour, there would have been no hint of want, and the visitor would have gone away with the impression of abounding plenty in the little household, judging the scanty "spread" the choice of indifferent appetite, as the old people would, most likely, have said that, not feeling very hungry, they had "just picked up a little bite."

Indeed, they had covered their poverty with this proud front until between themselves there was no acknowledgment of failing supplies, but

only a cheerful acceptance of the best that they could provide.

On this evening, however, the old lady, who felt strangely weak and tired, experienced, as she poured the colorless liquid in the cups, a secret craving for the stimulating beverage to which she had been so long accustomed, and by the magic sympathy of love the old husband sensed, with pity, her unspoken need.

"Hadn't I better borrow a drawin'," he began—but a quick, rebuking look from the old madam's pale eyes checked the weak proposition.

Perhaps a trifle of that handful of sage that we saved from the sale might give color and cheer you up a little, Dorothy," he concluded, suggestively.

But Dorothy sat a little more erect in her old splint-bottomed chair. "I've been a feelin' for some time," said she, "that tea doesn't agree with me, Father, and I was readin' a long piece in the paper that Bessie Wood brought in the other day about the virtue of drinking hot water, and I think it will be better for both of us, David, to try it for awhile, just for our health."

The old man assented smilingly to the novel experiment, and poured out the new elixir in his saucer, and sipped it hopefully.

When this last event of the day was over, the cups and plates washed, the table cleared away, a few fragments of the garden fence brought in, and the hearth swept clean with the long used turkey's wing, the old couple sat down to the repose of the winter evening, with a sigh of relief in the sense another day's provisions made, leaving with God the morrow. The oil in the little kerosene lamp had already burned too low for further use, unless some emergency should arise in which its illumination should be required, but the full moon was flooding the eastern sky with a soft silver radiance, more beautiful even than the golden light of the sun, and the earth, gleaming in still, white splendor, seemed to have come a degree nearer to that interior mystery of being forever haunting the soul with vague prescience of dawning revelation.

The pale glory streaming through the low kitchen window touched with shining lustre the gray heads of the old pair, sitting silent as they watched the flickering blaze in the stove, the front doors of which they had opened with the economical view to lessen the consumption of fuel as well as to afford a weird domestic light. Their thoughts were flickering, fitfully as the blaze at which they gazed, through the sad and pleasant happenings of their sober-hued past, and had either spoken of any incident, the other would have said as usual, after such silences, "Why, I was just thinking of that,"—so closely had long association interwoven the mental fibre of their lives.

Into the midst of their meditations this evening suddenly burst the glad peals of the musical bell from the village church on the hill, and all at once they remembered that it was the wedding day of 'Squire Wood's daughter Bessie, and their slow pulses thrilled with a quick throb of interest and sympathy.

"Jimmy Grover is gettin' a proper nice wife," said the old gentleman, with satisfaction.

"Yes," assented the dame, dreamily—"I used to kind of hope when the child was so good and sweet to our Jack, that some day—ah me!—well—well!"

"Well, well!" echoed the old father with a sigh.

Again the bell pealed forth joyously from the hill, touching their hearts like the earliest song of robins in the springtime; and the old man lavishly cast on two pieces of wood, and in the rekindled blaze saw reflected the morning glory of his own wedding day, that seemed no farther away than yesterday.

"You looked like a angel, Dorothy, that evening we was married," he said, with the fervor of the youthful bridegroom, while the bell still swung its glad wedding call down from the hill. "Though," he added, gently, "you're just as beautiful now, dear. But that was a pretty gown, I thought. What ever became of that wedding-gown, Dorothy?"

"Oh! don't you remember? I made it into baby dresses, and little Dolly—she was buried in one of them," was the soft answer, followed by a tender hush as the vision of little Dolly, lying in strange white stillness, floated like a mist between them and the sunshine of the wedding memory.

The dear old lady pressed her hand over the sharp dart of pain that had flashed through her heart again and again that night; but the old husband's talk wandered back to the spring-days of love once more, and reveled in delightful memories of the courtship which came out like stars in the still, quiet evening of his life.

But the wife's responses grew fainter and farther between, and, though the ashen pallor of her face and the pressure of a hand upon her side was not noted in the dim light by the old lover, absorbed in his sunny recollections, he began to sense a failure of sympathy, and paused with doubtful look.

"What is it, Dorothy?" he asked, with sudden dread.

"I—I'm not feelin' quite well, David. I—think—I'll—lie down," she said, brokenly, rising and tottering with the old man's help into the inner room.

There had been a troubled action of the heart with Dame Dorothy, which had long given warning of a swift, fatal pause in the wheels of life some day, and, shaking with foreboding of dreaded

ill, old David placed her on the bed, and hastened with blundering hands to find the few carefully preserved matches, striving with ineffectual effort to light the lamp, but letting the feeble blaze flicker out and finally losing his trembling grasp of the frail glass chimney, which fell with a tinkling crash upon the floor.

"David—the—time—has come."

He heard the faint voice gasping his name, and hurrying back to the bedside, the poor man saw with unutterable anguish in the full flood of moonlight the terrible death agony in the wan face on the pillow.

Wild with the feeling that he must avert the blow, he rushed out of the house with hoarse, incoherent cry for help, plunging he knew not whither, until his trembling old limbs failed him and his white head was dashed against the snow.

When he could gather strength, he rose and crept back to the bed and fell down on his knees beside it.

The dear face in the still moonlight was very peaceful now, and more beautiful even than he remembered it in its youth.

He kissed the thin, worn hand that the passing spirit still gave power to clasp faintly upon his own, and whispered a few low, tender words, as if the dulled ear could be gladdened by the sympathetic voice of love.

A strange tranquillity came over him. He felt as if upborne by invisible arms. A warm, fragrant atmosphere, tinged with roseate colors, seemed to enfold him, shutting out from his sense the cheerless, desolate surroundings of his material life. If Dorothy was dead he did not know.

When, next morning, the plain little housemaid from 'Squire Wood's came over with some fragments of the wedding feast in the basket on her arm, she marked with wonder the print of desperate feet and the plunge of a fallen body in the snow below the little cottage. But she went up the steps and tapped at the half-open door, smiling as she eased the weight of her basket, with the thought that this time she carried something which the proud old lady could not say she possessed in abundance, thank ye—for certainly no wedding-loaf had ever been broken in her house.

No response coming to the girl's rap, she ventured to push open the door and step in. All was cheerless and cold. Could the old people be still sleeping?

There was a shuffling step in the inner room, and the bowed, hollow-eyed old man appeared at the door, nodding to his guest, but with no more sign of recognition than if she had come from another world.

"What is it, Father Sanborn? aren't you well?" she questioned, in alarm.

"Well?—well?" responded the old Father, smiling, but seeming not to sense the inquiry.

"And the old lady?" queried the visitor, with increasing apprehension.

"Mother?" he said, smiling and gazing beyond the girl, as though he saw a beautiful vision that intercepted his response to an interrogation not quite clear to his mind.

The swaying of his figure in the door revealed to the astonished maid the straight, still form on the bed within, and she started back with nervous fear. Had the old man gone crazy and murdered his wife in her bed? In a panic of fright, she dropped her basket on the floor and darted out, pursued by the phantom of her imagination and fleeing with winged steps to the nearest house, a quarter of a mile distant, where her wild report soon rallied a neighborly force to the little brown cot.

And so Dame Dorothy's home and body were taken in charge by friendly and charitable hands that at last unveiled the poverty she had so long and patiently striven to conceal. Old David showed small interest in the preparations going on about him for the last offices to the dead. He responded absently, often incoherently, to all remarks and questions, sitting by himself and sometimes whispering and gesticulating softly as to one who understood and sympathized as none others could do. There was a gentle acquiescence on his part to every plan and provision made by his neighbors. Only when an attempt was made to replace his old clothes with a suit deemed more respectable for the occasion, he clung obstinately, yet gently, to the vest mended on that last precious afternoon of the dear one's life, with the threads of her silver hair.

"Poor old man!" they said, yielding their vain persuasions, "he has quite lost his mind, and it isn't worth while to oppose him."

After the quiet sleeper, with the look of infinite content on her sweet old face, was laid decently to rest, the event to which she had looked forward with mortal dread, yet with a stern sense of justice, came naturally to the culmination that had been charitably delayed. There seemed to 'Squire Wood's legal mind no longer a reason for deferring the foreclosure of the mortgage which he held on the old home for debts incurred by Jack in his wild days and which the proud old people had sacrificed every comfort in the effort to pay. The town poor-house, with its fair share of decencies, seemed the best place for old David Sanborn to end his days, since it provided both the care and companionship that no individual interest could give.

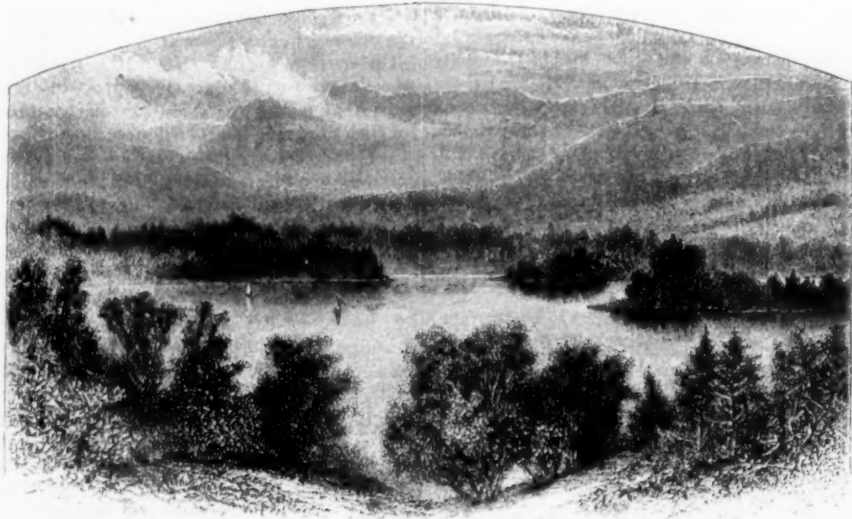
The meek old man accepts the provision cheerfully, performing any little service in his power "toward paying his way," as he expresses it, but loving best to sit or walk apart, "whispering to himself," as his companions say, with a strange,

wrapt look of happiness shining on his face. And nothing will persuade him to part with the old vest, which he continues to wear, only taking it carefully off at night, sometimes tenderly kissing the embroidery of silver thread and always laying it under his pillow when he goes to sleep.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

"Goody Blake and Harry Gill," etc. For years he had to endure a broadside of ridicule that would have crushed a more sensitive nature, though, fortunately, there was always a little inner circle that recognized his merits.

Coleridge was one of this circle, being the first critic of any note who discerned Wordsworth's



GRASMERE.

WORDSWORTH.

THERE has never been a poet who has excited such opposite extremes of feeling as Wordsworth—such scorn and ridicule at first, and later, such exalted appreciation, as the mists of prejudice and misunderstanding have rolled away, and the austere beauty and purity of his works have made themselves felt. He met with the common fate of those who inaugurate a new school, be it in religion, literature, or art. "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for, he saith, the old is better." Wordsworth's style was a reaction from the excessively elegant and polished school of which Pope may be taken as the most shining example—a school in which the graces of rhetoric were carried to the highest possible point. Wordsworth inaugurated a school totally different, both in form and substance, his style being marked by austere simplicity, and his themes (in many cases) taken from the most commonplace occurrences of life. This was a violent change from the stately decasyllables of Pope and the high-flown and romantic subjects which were alone considered fit themes for a poetic pen. Imagine, then, the contempt that greeted his unadorned measures and themes, simple to puerility in some cases, as, for instance, "The Idiot Boy,"

genius. When Wordsworth's first pieces appeared in 1793, Coleridge asserted that "seldom was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." Between Coleridge and Wordsworth the closest friendship existed. Southey, also, was a friend to both, and each of the three contributed, in a different way, to the establishment of a new school of poetry.

Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, England, the 7th of April, 1770. His father was said to be a man of vigorous mental powers, and his mother a woman of fine sense, high moral character, and deep piety. She died when he was in his eighth year, but already she had made ineffaceable impressions for good on his mind, and her influence and memory remained with him for life. He was rarely blessed in all the women with whom his destiny was most intimately linked, his mother, sister, and wife. The companionship between himself and his sister Dorothy (or Dora) was a perpetual solace, delight, and stimulus to him. Not only did she endear herself to him by her sisterly care and affection, but her fine and vigorous intellect acted as a strong stimulus to his own. They exchanged every thought, communicated every idea, read together, walked together, and even took pedestrian

tours together. One of his biographers goes so far as to say that "to her he owes most of the depth and elevation of his poetry," and that "his poems may be said to be the joint emanation of two minds more completely than any other union of the kind in the history of literature." She never married, and, although occasionally absent from him in early life, she was never parted from him after the year 1794 till death came to sunder them for a time.

Wordsworth was sent to Cambridge University in 1797, and took his degree in 1791. He was not a close student, but a desultory reader, neglecting mathematics to read the classics and study Italian. In 1790 he made a pedestrian tour of the Continent, and in 1791 he made one of Wales. Such tours were a favorite recreation with him. It was

Lonsdale, the appointment of distributor of stamps for the county of Westmoreland, a post which brought him a good income, while it left him leisure for congenial pursuits, as its duties were performed by a deputy.

In 1799, Wordsworth and his sister settled at Grasmere, where they remained eight years, living in a small cottage overlooking the lovely lake of Grasmere. The spot, with its romantic beauty, was indeed a fit abode for a poet.

He married, in 1802, Mary Hutchinson, the school companion of his early days, and the marriage seems to have been peculiarly happy, different from the experience of many eminent literary men of this century. One of the sweetest tributes ever paid to a wife is to be found in Wordsworth's poem entitled "A Portrait."

Neither contempt nor neglect made Wordsworth swerve from his course. He wrote on calmly, confident that posterity would do him justice. "Trouble not yourself," says he, writing to a friend in reference to his works, "about their present reception. Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think and feel and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we are moldered in our graves. * * * Let the poet first consult his own heart, as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity."

In the spring of 1813, he took up his residence at Mount Rydal, about two miles distant from Grasmere, and here he continued to live until his death, thirty-seven years later. The house is

a two-storied, sober-hued mansion, mantled with roses, ivy, jessamine, and Virginia creeper, overlooking the lake of Windermere and commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Here he died, on the 23d of April (anniversary of Shakespeare's death), 1850, in the eightieth year of his life. By another coincidence, he was born in the same year as Beethoven, 1770. His remains were laid near those of his children in Grasmere churchyard. "He reposes," says his nephew, "according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamores and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, and amid the mountains which he loved."

We will conclude by quoting Wm. Ellery Channing's just and discriminating tribute to Wordsworth:



a mode of travel that brought him into that close contact with nature which he loved. In his youth he spent more than a year in France, and became infected with the republican spirit rife there. In later life, however, he became a Conservative.

Wordsworth did not have the bitter struggle with poverty that so many of the great poets have had to wage. With the exception of a few years in his boyhood, immediately after his father's death, his whole life was passed in easy circumstances, so he was able to lead the life of contemplation and tranquillity agreeable to his bent, undisturbed by the carking cares of life. In 1794 a young friend, on whom he had attended with loving assiduity during a severe illness, left him a bequest of nine hundred pounds, to prevent his genius from being cramped by poverty. In 1813 he obtained, through the influence of the Earl of

"The great poet of our times, Wordsworth, one of the few who are to live, has gone to common life, to the fullness of our universal nature, to the obscure and neglected portions of society, for beautiful and touching themes. Genius is not a creator in the sense of fancying or feigning what does not exist. Its distinction is to discern more of truth than common minds. It sees under disguises and humble forms everlasting beauty. He has revealed the loveliness of the primitive feelings, of the universal affections, of the human soul. The grand truth which pervades his poetry is that the beautiful is not confined to the rare, the new, the distant, but that it is poured forth profusely on the common earth and sky; that it gleams from the loneliest flower; that it lights up the humblest sphere; that the sweetest affections lodge in lowliest hearts; that there is sacredness, dignity, and loveliness in lives which few eyes rest on; that even in the absence of all intellectual culture, the domestic relations can quietly nourish that disinterestedness which is the element of all greatness and without which intellectual power is a splendid deformity. Wordsworth is the poet of humanity; he teaches reverence for our universal nature; he breaks down the factitious barriers between human hearts."

M. W. EARLY.

AGASSIZ AND HIS FATHER.

A GOOD story is told of Agassiz, the great naturalist. His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes, and fishes. The latter especially were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations were spent in making journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes.

"If you can prove to me," said his father, "that you really know anything about science, I will consent that you shall give up the career I have planned for you."

Young Agassiz, in his next vacation, being then eighteen, visited England, taking with him a letter of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?"

The lad was timid, not sure at that moment that he had learned anything.

"I think," he said at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to night. I will take you with me there."

That evening, when the business of the meeting was over, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I have a young friend here from Switzerland who thinks he knows something about fishes—how much I have a fancy to try. There is under this

cloth a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man."

He then gave him the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct.

"Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick.

Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick Murchison held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old Doctor burst into loud applause.

"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest—for I knew now that my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

THE PEASANT AND THE EMPEROR.

A PERSIAN Emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut-tree, and, advancing toward him, asked his age.

The peasant replied: "I am four years old."

An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in the presence of the Emperor.

"You censure me without cause," replied the peasant. "I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world; I therefore consider that to be my real age which has been passed in serving the Deity and discharging my duty to society."

The Emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed:

"Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection?"

"True," answered the sage; "but, since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Emperor, upon which, as was the custom when any one was honored with the applause of the Sovereign, a purse-bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obeisance, and added:

"O King! other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted."

"Bravo!" said the monarch; and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed:

"The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day."

"Delightful!" replied the Emperor; and a third purse of gold was given, after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying: "I dare not stay longer, father, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury."



And when the blossoms open
And greet the dawning day,
The lovely birds are singing,
The brooklets join their lay,—
From woods and vales they sweetly say,
"O World! you are so beautiful
In May!"

See how the trees are rocking
In sunshine's bright array,
How high the birds are flying!
I, too, would soar away,
And o'er the hills and valleys say,
"O World! you are so beautiful
In May!"

THREE WISE WOMEN OF GOTHAM.

BY EMILY READ AND MARIAN C. L. REEVES.

CHAPTER IX.

"Have at you then, affection's men-at-arms!"

ONLY a bit of crumpled blotting-paper. Lee, who had reached out for it, held it idly, without heeding it; for Annis had dropped down on the hassock at her feet, hiding her face on Lee's lap, who gently stroked the bowed head.

"How did you discover whose library you were at work on? Did the agent tell you?" asked Lee, after a short silence had fallen between them.

"The agent stopped to tell me that they had put an old secretary into the library. He hoped it would not be in my way. I said it would not. Indeed, I even went forward to lay my hat upon it: when I saw it was Uncle Barron's writing-desk. I was glad I was alone, for I at once broke down in a bitter fit of crying."

Lee said softly: "Poor Annis!" Every trouble that touched her, seemed to be a stab from Lee's own hand.

"I came very near being discovered in my tears—" continued Annis, raising her head, and speaking more lightly. "I heard a step in the hall, and fearing to be caught in the act of weeping over the old secretary, I took refuge behind the curtains in the bow-window. You can imagine my surprise, when I saw Harry Morley come into the room."

"Had he found out where you were working?"

"No; he did not see me. He came on business for Uncle Barron, and—"

"But he has always said he knew nothing of Barron Hope," interrupted Lee.

"Uncle Barron may have written to him. You know he is a relation of Aunt Barron's: she is very proud of her maiden name of Morley, and is kind to all of the name. That Uncle Barron sent him, is certain; for he had the key to the secretary, and had come for some papers. I saw him take out a book, write something, and tear out the page. He was in a great hurry. I really do not think he was in the room ten minutes."

"I have no faith in Mr. Morley," Lee said, thoughtfully.

"Oh Lee, how can you say so! I have known him ever since he was Dolly's size, and I never saw anything—"

"That was not perfect. What I mean is, that he is in love with you, and yet he is making a fool of Isa, leading her to care for him."

"Now, Lee, you are unjust. Harry has only a friendly feeling for me."

"And for Isa also—" again interrupted Lee, who seemed to have small patience with Morley. "He thinks I haven't a thought beyond the pud-

dings, so he allows himself to drop his airy nothings to Isa before me. I grow wrathful when he makes Dolly a go-between. I have forbidden her to carry messages to you. But Isa draws them out, when they are to her; and the child often does not know she has told them."

"Perhaps Harry really cares for Isa."

"And for you at the same time. One thing I can tell him, Isa is not such a goose as he takes her to be. She puts on simplicity, to please him. I would give any money I possess, to know what was the paper he took from Mr. Barron's secretary," added Lee, irrelevantly.

"A small exchange, I fear, for very little. My poor Lee, you were counting up the sum I was to bring you. You never asked what I did with it?"

"You refused to take it, I suppose."

"No; I will tell you—" And Annis gave an account of how she had put the gold pieces into the lame beggar's hand.

Lee listened as well as she could, haunted as she was by the ghosts of small bills, and promises to pay by a certain time, (meaning when Annis should bring her the money.) The fact that the money was gone, stuck like a burr in her memory, that hardly took in the rest of Annis's story. But she made her rapid calculations: so much to cover this small debt; so much for the other. As for the housekeeping, it must go on in one way or another: something would "turn up." It might sound Micawberish: but really it was a trust in a Good Providence, already helping her over many a hard place. A trust which the poor learn; and which is often inexplicable to those who own a carefully balanced bank-book.

While Lee was thus half dreamily listening to Annis, she mechanically smoothed out the bit of paper which Annis had tossed towards her, in announcing the fact that it was all her pocket contained. The paper had some letters on it; but in such an odd handwriting, that Lee could not read it.—"Where did you get this paper, Annis?" she asked.

"It was the blotting-paper Harry used, and threw on the floor. There was no fire-place, nor waste basket, in the room; and I hate untidiness, so I put it into my pocket."

Almost before the words were ended, Lee had started up, flushed and excited. She unhung a small square mirror which Annis had decorated for the embellishment of the parlor; and, coming back to her chair, she held the bit of blotting-paper before the glass.

Annis kept her low seat, with a look in her face, as if she thought Lee had suddenly gone mad.

Lee laughed.—"Did you ever, when a child, write a sentence backwards, and then read it by the help of a looking-glass? Dolly to this day thinks there is magic either in the glass or the paper. To be sure, the lines generally used are

not flattering to one's perception. Do you not know them?

"Are you not a silly ass,
Who cannot read without a glass?"

Certainly the glass is perfectly necessary to make a fair reading."

She had stooped her flushed face over it, as she spoke.

"I do not believe I ever was a child, Lee. Dolly and Nell know things I never dreamed of. And you, Lee, help them to their outlandish knowledge."

Lee laughed: the tones that were usually so merry and clear, had a forced ring in them, as she still kept her head bent over the glass. Her words sounded forced, too, as she said:

"It is well they had something; they never saw a toy-shop until they came to Gotham to live. And I do not know that the sights have benefited them, poor little tots! To stare at things they can never touch, may educate them; but it is not amusing. Annis—" changing the subject abruptly — "how do you know this is the very bit of paper which Mr. Morley used?"

Annis, with a troubled line on her fair brow, put out her hand for the glass.

"Lee, if, as you say, the glass can tell you anything, have you any right to look?"

But Lee shook off the light touch, half impatiently.

"How do you know?—how do you know?" she cried.

"I saw him drop it. Besides, the ink was quite damp, when I picked it up."

With that, Lee thrust into Annis's hand the paper and the glass.

"See, Annis, what I have discovered. The sum of money is quite blurred: though one may guess at a long row of ciphers. But certainly it was a cheque, which Mr. Morley wrote."

Annis stared down, in bewilderment. She felt a great relief, when she saw, reflected in the glass, the familiar characters of Mr. Barron's name. She would know that "rron" of his signature anywhere.

Lee's cool remark came startlingly:

"I told you your friend was not honest."

"But why do you say this?" asked Annis. "I see nothing but Uncle Barron's name."

"Precisely. Men do not sign other men's names carelessly."

"Lee, what do you mean?" cried Annis, half offended.

"Dear Annis," said Lee, leaning over her, and putting her arms around her—"I wish I were like you. I wish I were not so quick to see things: especially wrong things. I half wish you had been untidy, and left the paper for some one else to discover. Don't look so frightened, dear. I con-

fess, if I had not suspected Mr. Morley of insincerity, I would not now suspect him of forgery."

"Oh Lee!" gasped Annis.

"It looks so. The ink of Mr. Barron's name is far too fresh; and the blurred ciphers too. And there is not another mark on the blotting-paper besides."

"Oh poor Harry! and Aunt Barron,—she will die, if any reproach come to her name. And Harry's disgrace will be dreadful to my uncle." Annis looked wretched, as she spoke.

"Evidently Mr. Morley has taken his chance to get into the room undisturbed: little suspecting you, of all persons, of watching him behind the curtain."

"He may not have spent the money. He said he was coming here to-night—" faltered Annis, paling at the prospect.

Lee understood her at once.

"Yes—" she said thoughtfully. "I believe you are right: that is the only thing I see to be done. If you speak to him to-night, you may be able to make him give back the money, or arrange some way to do so. But you must be firm, Annis. If he does not do what he should, you must determine to tell your uncle what you saw; and you must tell Mr. Morley you will."

"Oh, if I can only save Aunt Barron!" cried Annis, in great distress. "The disgrace of it! She thinks so much of the Morleys!"

"Some persons might make a sermon on righteous retribution," said Lee, with a covert smile. "I never liked Mrs. Barron: yet I would not advise you to try revenge. As for Mr. Morley, I don't believe you feel anything but friendship even now, though there are claws under the velvet of his touch. They will never hurt you; but I fear much for Isa."

"But poor Aunt Barron! It is of her I am thinking. She is so proud, Lee—"

"Best, then, save her, if you can: proud people suffer a deal, I hear," said Lee. And then, her face being to the door, she added quickly:

"Here is Mr. Armstrong, Annis."

It was a tear-flushed face that turned, bewildered, as Lee spoke: but the next instant it was radiant.

"At last—" Dallas said, stretching out both hands.

Lee stole away to the one spot which was absolutely her own: her toy-kitchen, she was wont to call it, making light of her cares there. For once, Annis had forgotten her. As for Dallas, though he had not looked at her, he was grateful to the girl who went away so considerably.

Annis had started up from her low seat, with a movement as eager as Dallas's own. Then some thought checked her: she stood quite still, waiting for him to come to her, and yielding him a cold, still hand, in answer to his greeting.

But he was too warm himself, to feel the chill at once.

"At last—" he said again, holding the slim hand fast. "At last I have found you!"

"How did you find me?" she asked quietly.

"Only through a chance request Uncle Barron wrote me—"

"He is out of town still?"

"Yes: they are delaying at Atlantic City, until the upholsterers shall have finished their work.—A chance request to me, to go and see the decorations of his new library. Of course I recognized your work: the trailing arbutus would have whispered your name, if nothing else. You will forgive me if I lay in wait for you, and followed you?"

Annis was looking at him in a dazed way. She had sunk back into Lee's chair behind the writing-table, across which he leaned toward her as he spoke. There was more than that bit of a table between them, he began to see.

"Will you tell me—" he said suddenly—"why you lost yourself to me?"

"It is a dreary tale," Annis said slowly. "Have you not heard it?—Aunt Barron did not approve of my going to my dying mother.—You do not know how low-born I am, Dallas."

"Do I not, my Queen of hearts? Do you think Aunt Barron was able to hoodwink every one? Did I not ask for Miss Barnes, at your door just now? Blessed name!—and have been walking up and down, up and down out there, afraid to come and ask if you still bore it."

The two laughed together, in the old way: only that there were tears in Annis's eyes, as she ended,—which did not, however, prevent her seeing Dallas's hand stretched suddenly across the table to her.

"And to think that I should have had the luck to meet you: I, and not Morley, who was always, you remember, the lucky one. Poor fellow, he has been helping me in my search for you—"

"Helping you?"

"As many weeks as I have years. About a month ago, I let him see into Aunt Barron's little fables of her husband's new relations. How I shall laugh at Morley!" said Dallas, with a beaming face.

"I would not," said Annis, with a shudder. "Lee must be a witch."

"Then you must run no risks from her. Annis, I have suffered tortures all these years. Always looking for you, and never able to trace you. Now that I have found you, you must give me all power over you, so that I cannot possibly lose you."

"Not now, Dallas, when I am altogether changed."

"In what?" he asked, a little sharply.

"In position. Of course you must know—"

"I care to know nothing but that you love me enough to marry me. It shall be my whole effort,

to blot out all these years that have separated us."

"You had better not, for I have found much good in them. Some lessons which only adversity can teach; and also a dear sister."—Which Dallas thought of less importance than a good husband.

"And Uncle Barron," said Annis hastily—"and Aunt Barron? She never mentioned seeing me?"

"Did she see you? Certainly she never mentioned it. Uncle Barron has had me looking for you, ever since you flitted from the village. I cannot tell what possessed Aunt Barron not to mention meeting you. She has certainly been anxious: I really think her anxiety has aged her. She is not at all the woman she was. Where did she meet you?"

"In the last place in the world, that she would have liked to find me in," Annis answered, with a gleam of Lee's mirthfulness in her face. "Perhaps even you, Dallas, would have turned your back on me, under the circumstances."

"I cannot imagine them."

"Not if I were for a time a show-girl at Madame Larue's bazaar?"

"How pretty the bonnets must have been," said Dallas.

Annis's low laugh reached Lee in her retreat: where she was standing with arms folded on the dresser-shelf, staring forward as if intent upon her elongated face reflected in the coffee-pot's burnished side. The caricature it presented, of a little ghost of a smile which that rare laugh of Annis's had brought to Lee's own lips, chanced to catch her eye; and she shook her head at the reflection, taking herself roundly to task for the cloud of loneliness that had been settling down on her. Life was brightening about Annis: everything would be happily changed for her. Lee was too wise a young woman, not to have seen that, at a glance at the two faces in the parlor. And Isa would find something pleasanter: only Lee herself would be left with the helpless children clinging to her, well-nigh helpless herself—

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—Lee flung the quotation jeeringly at the solemn travesty of her face in the coffee-pot.

She did not know she was speaking aloud. Nor did she know that some one had come in at the open door: until the coffee-pot picture took in another figure. Then she moved, and said quietly: "Dr. Gray."

"Yes: you would leave this door temptingly open—'cakes and ale,' was the invitation? Lee, who is in the parlor?" the doctor asked, with no show of curiosity.

"Mr. Armstrong—from the village, you know—Dallas Armstrong. And oh, I am so glad! I saw by his face when I first glanced at it, that he had come for Annis. No half-heartedness, but like

one of the knights of old."—Lee spoke with an eager thrill in her voice.

"And Isa can always look out for herself?"

"How can you doubt it?" Lee said, laughing. "Isa sees her own way quite plainly."

"And yours, Lee? Will you never see it leads you to a certain house that is only waiting for you to call it yours? and its master, who has been yours already, for so long—"

He was leaning on the dresser-shelf beside her, trying to catch sight of her averted face: of which the coffee-pot only gave him a mocking glimpse. Was she laughing at him?

But that was only a demure smile, as she turned to him, repeating much his own words,—not without the rosiest of blushes,—

"Who has been my master already, for so long, you say? Dolly and Nell would dispute that ownership. I belong to them, by prior claim."

"Cannot Isa and Annis take them?" he asked, coolly.

"Certainly not. I would not, for the first, let Isa have the smallest finger of either, to take care of. And for Annis, she has slaved herself enough. There, do not upset all my valuable plate. Certain people have certain duties laid upon them. I can much better give you up,—a strong man, perfectly able to take care of yourself, as well as of several wards at Bellevue,—than my poor little Dolly, who knows no nurse but me; or Nell, who remembers no other mother."

"Which, in a word, means that you prefer these children to me," said Dr. Gray sulkily: only half mollified by the quiver in her voice, at the mention of her mother's name.

"Which means," said Lee, quite calmly—"that a duty laid on you, is not to be flung down for one you yourself take up."

For a few minutes, Dr. Gray stood staring hard into the coffee-pot mirror: not exactly seeing the quizzical reflection of Lee's face.

"Lee,"—he said—"of course you are right. I would be a brute, if I did not agree with you. But if we can find a way of keeping the children? I don't mean you to give them up: but if we can keep them, will you marry me?"

"Yes," said Lee, briefly. "Yet you are the only one I would, under such circumstances."

"I am the only one you would, under any circumstances, I hope. But, Lee, I must look at you. Something uncommon is the matter with you."

"I do not like to marry a wizard, under any circumstances. You are right; and you must listen to me, for I have a secret."

"That is not uncommon. I thought every one went to you with their secrets. I always do."

"But this is one of my finding out."

"Your sister and Armstrong? I don't know that I am uncommonly wise in love-matters. I

never saw but one woman I cared for; and she is not like any other I ever met."

"How your head turns on love-affairs! Mine ought to be on tea just at this minute; but instead, it is on a case of forgery," said Lee, smiling at his surprise.

"Forgery! where did you make acquaintance with the class of gentlemen dealing in that sort of thing? Is it in the world of letters?"

She blushed and laughed.

"Listen," said she: and she related, as succinctly as possible, the incident which Annis had seen from her hiding-place behind the curtains.

But she told it in so guarded a manner—(for, after all, was it not Annis's secret?—) that Dr. Gray said:

"I am afraid your plot is built on too uncertain a foundation. Are you quite sure the name could be made out on the blotting-paper?"

"I believe in object-teaching," Lee answered, lightly: and, taking down the bit of paper from the upper shelf where she had laid it away, she put it before him.

"You can't make out the name without a glass, as I told you: and I won't send you to the parlor one now. But you see I am right?"

He was examining it rather closely.

"Pity the filling up of the cheque is blotted. But you show a very clear case, my Portia. I think, if you do not get a pound of flesh, you will at least your case. Who has a doubt of a woman's wit? He ought to be introduced to you. Do you work out all your plots as carefully? Of course you will wreak poetical justice on your scamp of a hero?"

"My heroine is more merciful," said Lee demurely. "She does not intend to give the paper to the old gentleman."

"What, let her old friend be robbed, perhaps ruined, for a sickly sentiment for a young knave? Why, Lee, if you ever caught me in such a scrape, it would be your duty to inform on me."

"Not until I had tried other means. My sweet Charity is going to see this scamp of a hero, and tell him everything; even show him this piece of paper. Of course, being found out, he will either give up the money, or make some arrangement to pay it, if he has spent any of it."

"Of course he will promise: and will bolt on the morrow, before the fair Charity is up. You had better have a police officer to watch him, after his interview with her!"

"I don't believe he will do anything of the kind. He is in love with her, and would not like to fall in her estimation—"

"A pretty way he has, of showing his desire to stand well with her!"

Lee had a startled look in her eyes. If all her stories were as real to her, there must be rather a strain upon her sympathies.

"If you think it necessary—" she said, somewhat breathlessly—"I—there might be a hint to a policeman?"

"No, no: your little plan may turn out well; for I suppose the young fellow is not an old rogue. He has been tempted in some way, expects to return the money, or some such bosh—"

"Oh Lee, let us have crumpets for tea!" cried the children at the door.

Seeing the doctor, both came forward: Dolly in advance, while Nell crept away to Lee, who was turning to examine into the state of the fire.

"Go away, Dolly; I feel like Herod to-night, and could gladly kill all innocents," the doctor said, quite gravely.

"But Nell and I are too old. I'm afraid you don't read your Bible, Dr. Gray. It says, from two years old and under," said Dolly, saucily.

Lee laughed. "You had better let the child alone," she advised.

"You bring them up dreadfully, Lee. Miss Isa constantly tells you so," said the doctor, gravely watching Dolly, for teasing whom, he had a passion.

"Oh, Isa! She's sweet enough, when she wants me to tell her what Mr. Morley says. But he says more beautiful things of—"

"Dolly!" cried Lee, warningly.

"His beautiful things are not of Lee?" asked the doctor.

Dolly shook her head, having been forbidden to speak.

"Well, then, I don't care. She has promised none shall say beautiful things to or of her, but myself."

"Have you, Lee?" asked Dolly.

"No," said Lee. "You may say all the beautiful things of me, you please."

"And I too?" asked Nell.

"And you too, little one."

"This is getting too bad. I shall not remain to countenance it."

"Can't you stay to tea?" asked Lee.

"No; I must go. But I may drop in later, perhaps. All success to your rogue-catching—" and he went off, laughing.

The parlor-door opened as he passed it; and Dallas came out. Annis, if there, made no appearance. The two men recognized each other; and as they left the house together, Dallas, always interested in his fellow-townsmen, at once began to question Dr. Gray upon his success in Gotham. He was quite delighted to hear Gray was in the Bellevue: such a good stepping-stone, he was sure. Then, having some one to talk to, who also knew Annis and her sisters, he began to descant on his good fortune in finding Annis, and the long search he had had for her.

"Did you never meet Morley, in all that time?" asked Dr. Gray coolly.

"Certainly: we always meet at least once a week. But why do you ask?"

"It is odd, that, knowing your desire to find Miss Barron, he never mentioned her; he visits there quite regularly," said Dr. Gray, still very coolly.

"Impossible; for I have always repeated my plans to find them out, and he has sympathized with me."

"Nevertheless, he visits there most intimately. I go frequently; and generally find Morley before me."

"Is he attentive to any of Miss Barron's sisters?" asked Dallas. "The 'Lee' of whom she talks so much?"

"I would break his neck if he were—" was the rough reply.

"I did not suppose Morley would be objectionable. He is a gentleman—though he *has* played me a shabby trick."

"Rather too shabby for a gentleman," said Dr. Gray. "But I have no quarrel with him."

"Only the desire to break his neck," returned Dallas, laughing.

"I did not say that, except under certain circumstances. But as Lee is engaged to me, I would not allow Morley's attentions quietly."

"Engaged to Lee! Then, my dear fellow, we will be brothers-in-law: for I am engaged to Annis. Let me congratulate you."

Dr. Gray shook Dallas's hand a little grimly. "It will be some time before we are connected. I presume nothing stands in *your* way to a speedy wedding; whilst mine is conditional," said the doctor.

"No; I shall marry as soon as Annis will consent. But cannot something be done, to remove the conditions you hint of?"

"Nothing, thank you. We will fight our way through. Good-night; I turn here."

"But I shall see you again?" asked Dallas.

"Probably more than you care to. The conditions are not such, that I do not see Lee when I can: and you will not neglect her sister, I fancy. Good-night."

"One would imagine I had been engaged a week, instead of an hour," the doctor thought with a laugh. "Yet I have loved Lee so long, that she has from a child appeared to belong to me. How could I have let it escape me, that our engagement is conditional? If I had gone farther, I might as well have asked him to do his share; and then wouldn't Lee have been angry! My dear peppery Lee—I would rather see her eyes flash, or that chilly look come over her face when she disapproves, than have her acquiescing in a wrong thing, or indifferent to a right one."

And he lit a cigar, and had a long, pleasant dream of what might be: before he had to forget Lee and himself, beside a sick-bed.

As for Lee, if she were thinking of Dr. Gray, she said not a word. Annis had so much to tell of how Dallas had found her, and of his following her home, that she had no eyes to detect anything unusual: if anything unusual there were, in Lee's face. Only Dr. Gray's quick sight, always in practice to catch a change in a patient's countenance, and doubly quick to find out Lee's swift changes, —only Dr. Gray would have discovered something to question.

"Lee," said Annis, "you are a witch. Harry has seen Dallas every week, and knew he was looking for me: indeed, consulted with him as to the best plans for the search. And yet Harry never spoke of meeting me."

"Annis, Mr. Morley is in the parlor," cried Dolly at the door.

Annis's color fled. "Oh Lee, if you could come too!"

"But you will find it easier alone. Remember you are helping your uncle: the thought will help you. Dolly, bring Nell here, and you shall make up the bread with me."

And Dolly darted away; for to join in Lee's play in her toy-kitchen, was considered a privilege by the children: whatever Lee might think of it.

Thus, when Annis, pale and tremulous, entered the parlor, no one was there but Harry Morley: who thanked fortune for the friendly turn that let him find her, for once in her life, alone. Thanked fortune: but which of us can know whether the whirling turn which the capricious dame sets in motion, will spin our silken thread of hope for us, or break us on the wheel?

"Annis, how glad I am to see you—" he cried, forgetting he had been here only yesterday. To Annis's swift glance, he was changed since yesterday: there was a subdued excitement in his manner, a restless gleam in his eyes.

"But you are looking pale. You do not go out enough," he said, not knowing what long walks she had been taking, of late.

"I ought not to look pale," Annis said, not showing her wonted cordiality. "I have just met an old friend, and—"

"Whom did you meet?" Morley interrupted her.

"Dallas."

"How did he find you?" asked Morley, himself a shade paler than when he welcomed her.

"Not through you, it seems. Harry, what does it mean, that you did not tell him you have seen me constantly, for some time past?"

"It means that I did not wish him to find you," answered Morley, promptly.

"It is impossible for me to imagine any reason why you should wish to keep from Dallas such information of me, especially as he had told you he was in search of me," said Annis, coldly.

"The reason is very clear. I did not want Dal-

las to find you, for I wished to keep you to myself."

"That I certainly do not understand. How could you keep me, as you say, to yourself?" asked Annis, with more haughtiness than Morley had believed she could show.

"When a man is in love with a woman," he said deprecatingly—"he fears any rival. And I fear, of all men, Dallas Armstrong."

"When a man is in love—" repeated Annis, with much contempt, and preferring to dwell on his first assertion, rather than to make any explanation of Dallas's position—"he does not divide his passion between two sisters at the same time."

"Surely, Annis, you have never for a moment believed that I cared in that way for Isa. She is pretty, and—and—charming—"

"Pray do not let us discuss my sister," Annis said.

A pause, awkward enough, followed: for Annis was thinking how she could best begin her pleading with Morley, which this small episode of love-making on Morley's part had rendered more difficult; and Morley himself was fearing a Scylla in Isa and a Charybdis in Dallas.

But the silence must be broken. So Morley asked abruptly: "How did Armstrong discover you?"

"He went to Uncle Barron's new house, and at once knew who only could have decorated the library."

"Why did you not tell me you were working for Cousin Margaret? She never told me."

"Because she did not know it; nor I either, you may be sure," broke in Annis.

"If I had luckily gone to the house—but though I know the number, I had not the time—"

Annis put up her hand with a hasty gesture. "Stop—" she cried out. "I myself saw you in the library. I was behind the curtain to-day, when you went to Uncle Barron's secretary."

Her gesture had forewarned him. Almost before she finished speaking, he had recovered himself.

"That was only for a hurried moment," he said. "Cousin Barron wished me to attend to some business for him. I can't imagine why you should have hidden from me."

"I did not. I thought you the agent, or some of the workmen. I wish—oh how I wish I had not hidden!"

"Why, Annis? Why should I not do a small service for my cousin's husband?" Morley said, soothingly.

"Harry, O Harry, be candid with me: I will do all I can to help you. How much money did you draw? And have you spent it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Annis, are you mad? Why do you think I made out a cheque? Do you think I would

have the key of the secretary, if I had no right there?" He smiled, as if to reassure her, as well as to show how little he thought of her foolish fear.

"I did think it, and never suspected you," she said, coming to the facts in deep disgust at Morley's wariness. "But unfortunately, you dropped the paper you used for blotting. And fortunately, I in my tidiness picked it up."

"A bit of blotting-paper—"

"A bit of blotting-paper. O Harry, you must listen, or you will be ruined! The blotting-paper shows—if you use a glass—Uncle Barron's name signed as if to a cheque for a large sum—"

Morley interrupted her, with an uneasy laugh.

"My dear Annis! can you seriously see anything singular in the fact of Mr. Barron's name being traceable on a bit of blotting-paper out of his own desk? So this is the much-ado-about-nothing!"

Annis clasped her trembling hands together on her knee, steadying herself.

"The paper will prove everything against you, if you have drawn money on Uncle Barron's signature."

"Where is this famous bit of blotting-paper? I would like to see it," Morley asked, coolly.

"I haven't it. There is no time to waste. Tell me if you will give me the money to put back or no—" Annis said, glad that the paper was safely out of Morley's reach; for a desperate look had come into his eyes.

"And if I do not,—do not acknowledge I have committed the act you accuse me of—"

"Then I must tell Uncle Barron what I saw. Of course if you were simply doing a kindness—a matter of business—he will know; and may deride me for my suspicion. I shall only be too glad if he should; for it is hard to suspect an old friend."

"Hard!"—with sudden bitterness. "An old friend—a playmate—your lover. You could find it in your heart to accuse him of an act which, if but whispered, would ruin him for life?"

She had no voice to answer him; but she nodded her head.

"You could?"

"I would. I would do anything, no matter how hard, to save Uncle Barron," she said, when she had found her voice. She spoke firmly; but with a passion of pity suddenly filling the soft eyes uplifted to him.

That glance was an argument stronger than all words. It touched him to the quick. Swift as thought, with a desperate impulse, he pulled a small packet out of his breast-pocket, and flung it into the girl's lap. Then, without looking at her, he turned sharply away, and fell to packing up and down the tiny room.

Annis stole one glance at the packet. There were notes pressed into it: notes so large—so

much larger than she had ever seen before—that a frightened look came into her pale face, and she thrust them out of sight hastily, into Lee's desk. She was sitting by the writing-table, shading her eyes with both hands, from the lamp-light.

Presently Morley stood before her. "Annis, will you listen to me?"

"Yes," she said; but not moving, nor looking at him.

"You see that your suspicions were right. I did draw a heavy cheque, which I could only do with Cousin Barron's name. There was no time to lose—he was out of town, and I could not explain by telegram: the thing, if it were done at all, must be done at once," he hurried on, the gambler's excitement kindling again in his eyes. Then, slowly, and despondently, as Annis's head sank lower, on her hands—"I meant to put it in a speculation in Wall Street: one certain to double the money, and which Cousin Barron himself thinks well of, and has gone into heavily. I did not intend to steal it. I intended to return the money in a day or two, at farthest. It was not the money itself I cared for: I trusted by one stroke of luck to make enough to ask you to marry me. I hoped to take you out of this life which is too hard for you. I cannot bear to see you toiling; and for others too. And I so longed to help you out of it all—"

If he had told her the whole truth, he would have given her one reason yet more pressing. It was his fear lest Dallas Armstrong should find her, and take her from him.

And if he had told her the whole truth, he would have told her he had drawn the notes in a convenient form for flight with her, if his speculation should prove a failure.

"But I was too poor a man—" he had gone on—"to better your fortunes, unless I made this certain hit. You believe me, Annis?"

"In so far, Harry, that I think you argued yourself into the belief. But it would not have been of any use. I could not have married you."

"Annis—"

"But tell me how I can be of service to you. I will do anything to help you. Anything to cover up this sin which you say I unintentionally tempted you into."

"It is all there—the whole sum. I have not touched it. Annis, will you believe me that, after all, I could not bring myself to go back into Wall Street—until I was too late."

She could not doubt him. The man looked strangely haggard and worn: not the debonair Harry Morley of yesterday. He had not had a moment's peace, since he drew the cheque; and only the hope of persuading Annis to go away with him, had kept him in his crooked path, not so smooth and broad as he expected to find it.

For Morley was not hardened—not one who

could not feel remorse and shame. And when Annis said again, gently: "Tell me how I can be of service to you—" and he detached the key from his bunch, that she might put the money back into the secretary, it was with a deep sense of relief.

Would the girl do so much for him, and not more? He knew that his life in Gotham was ended. Mr. Barron might, for his wife's sake, condone his offense: but Morley could not face him again. If he could only persuade Annis to go with him somewhere West: he had some little money of his own; and out there, men made fortunes out of nothing.

He was too much in love with her, not to forgive her this blasting of all his prospects: too sanguine a man, not to feel sure he could win her, if he had only time enough. What he had to say, would require time. He must have an interview which he could make as long as he would. If she cared nothing for him, would she look so pale and shaken? He must move her pity, by his love for her.

The children's voices sounding nearer, made him say hurriedly:

"Annis, I must see you again. I want to tell you more of this business: so that if you are called on to explain, you can. Remember, besides being my good angel, you are also my only friend. Will you not hear me, then? Not now—not here: we should be interrupted. Will you not meet me—to-morrow morning.—say at eight, in Madison Square? I will be at the lower entrance from Broadway. You will not refuse me this?"

"No, certainly not. I will come as punctually as I can," said Annis. "I will gladly hear all you can tell me." And then she blushed furiously: for not only did Morley stoop and kiss her hand, but she also saw Isa standing in the doorway.

Neither of them had heard her open the door; and it was very doubtful how much of the conversation she had overheard. In reality, it was only Morley's petition that Annis should meet him at the lower end of Madison Square, and Annis's consent. Isa had also witnessed Morley's hand-kissing; but she was too astute a body, to acknowledge seeing what she could not help or resent. Her coming into the parlor was as one who had that very moment arrived.

"Is it you, Mr. Morley? I heard voices, and thought you were that horrid Dr. Gray, who is always chaffing one, until you can't tell whether he is in fun or earnest. I can't see how Annis can abide him. With Lee, it is different: she sees so few men."

"But she has me to compare the doctor with," said Morley, at once falling into his bantering way with Isa: which she declared "delicious."

"Oh, you! Hyperion to a satire—as they said at the play the other night. How warm it is in here, after the cold outside—and I am ravenous!

Perhaps because I walked so fast. I did not know what I would find at the end of my journey. I wonder where the children are? Never to be found, if you want them; but under your feet, if you do not. Oh, there is Dolly! Dolly, tell Lee I am in, and we are so hungry: to please let us have tea."

"Speak for yourself," said Morley, laughing. "I have not dined an hour."

"Oh, but you will not go,—you will stay, at any rate," pleaded Isa.

Morley, finding it difficult to maintain his usual gay ease of manner, with Annis sitting so still and silent,—(though she did not look at him,—) muttered something of business; the evening papers.

With a coquettish air of triumph, Isa drew a little roll of something out of her muff, and spread it upon the table. It proved to be an evening paper; Isa pored over it, as she drew off her gloves, and leaned forward, with the lamplight shining in all the ruffled cloud of fair hair about the pretty, beaming face.

"Spirit of the markets—" one white hand traveling down the printed column: "'Refined Sugars quiet and steady'—I wonder what the vulgar ones are? 'Buckwheat Flour inactive'—that means it won't rise? I must ask Lee. Oh, but it's the stock market I am looking for; you can tell me all about that, Mr. Morley. See, it says: 'The stock market opened this morning at a decline from yesterday's closing quotations, which induced a sort of fusilade from the bears, that lasted until after eleven o'clock. During this time, the number of transactions * * * hum—hum—that grows less exciting. Oh, but here it is again: 'The bears trembled in their shoes, and timidly bought such shares as they could obtain without exposing themselves to ridicule; the light-waisted bulls crept into the pasture, and all looked lovely for a further advance * * * But the good feeling did not last through the day. The bears accumulated their ammunition for the last hour, when they smote their opponents with all the fervor and audacity that could arise from the effects of bottled wrath.'"

Morley had drawn back a pace behind the laughing reader, and was looking over her shoulder, at Annis. Looking at her with a haggard, intent gaze; glance-compelling, one might think.

But Annis sat pale and still and downcast under it. It was Isa, who turned suddenly, and caught it.

"Mr. Morley, do tell me, are you a bull or a bear? Were any of those vials of wrath poured out on you?"

Morley was not listening to her; but saying to Annis, in a tone not so low as he thought:

"Eight. I shall be before my time, you may be sure."

He bent over her, and touched her hand, which trembled a little, coldly, in his; and the next instant he had taken a gay leave of Isa, and was gone.

Isa was cheerful, and had a great deal to say to Annis. As much to hear, too; for inadvertently Annis said something to Lee, of Dallas Armstrong: something that made Isa conjecture she had seen him. But that wary young person—who could keep Madame Larue in good-humor, and was accustomed to wait on impracticable fine ladies—did not seem to hear Annis's remark, nor even to see the blush that came with the mention of Dallas's name.

When at last Dolly and Nell sought, or were sent to seek, that sleep against which all children have a prejudice, Isa remembered she had left in her room something which she needed for her work. Isa, when she had once gracefully established herself for the evening, in the one easy-chair under the lamp, was usually loth to break up the pretty picture she made there, and would throw out sundry hints of being quite too tired to stir. To-night, there were no hints; and, for a wonder, Lee made no offer to go in her stead, in search of the missing zephyrs: Lee, who was anxious to hear if Annis had succeeded. Indeed, Annis had so much to tell, that Isa's prolonged absence escaped remark. But she came back with smiles, and some hard-wrung facts, principally from unsuspecting Nell. For Dolly had a double button on her lips to-night, and would not be wheedled out of any news of home, though there were some trying bribes, especially a blue silk handkerchief poor Dolly coveted. But Nell, notwithstanding sundry pushes from Dolly's elbows, and surreptitious kicks, let out the fact that Dallas Armstrong had spent a long time at the house; and that Lee had kept both Dolly and herself with her. And when Annis came into the kitchen, Lee kissed Annis, and said it was beautiful.

"She didn't—" contradicted Dolly. "Lee never talks that way. It's Isa who calls things beautiful, and delicious, and nasty—but Lee said I must not say such a word."

Isa colored a little; but instead of being angry, said: "Well, what did Lee say?"

"She was so happy—" answered Dolly: then shut her eyes, as if asleep.

And Isa returned to the parlor, quite satisfied: little knowing that there were other household secrets, worth more than Nell had revealed.

CHAPTER X.

"La gloire aisée

D'entrer dans un cœur de toutes parts ouvert."

WHEN, on the spur of the moment last evening, he had named Madison Square, Morley had forgotten the windows of the Fifth Avenue

Hotel and others, which in this morning sunshine looked to him so many gleaming eyes set on to spy on him.

But, after all, at eight o'clock on a frosty morning, he had not much observation to fear from acquaintance of his. It was in reality half an hour before that time, when Morley found himself there, on a bench half sheltered by a clump of evergreens from the wind, and warmed by a sun unusually genial for the season and the hour. He looked at his watch every few minutes, suspecting it, rather than time, of lagging. He tried to form telling little speeches, for Annis's benefit; breaking down before he had finished one, in his impatience at waiting. There was so much he had to urge. Would he ever be able to persuade her to leave with him? If he had only been more in luck, and not been seen by Annis, at the secretary! Or even if he had not been so hasty in giving up the money, and had plausibly put her off a few days, until the speculation could have been tried! The whole thing was looking less black and hopeless by this morning's light. But there was no use in regretting. All his hope now, was to persuade Annis to leave in the train with him, and be married in the nearest State where the laws matrimonial were not stringent.

Five minutes had passed, and he was wondering if she would come: when his heart gave a mighty bound, and a girl stopping to rest with her market-basket on the near bench, disliking his strong expression, moved her seat to one much farther off.

Yes, Annis was coming: though too far as yet, for him to see more than her dress and way of walking.

Yes, certainly: it was surely Annis. Then came a doubt; then a full assurance, from some little movement she made: so natural, that he rose and went forward to meet her—and stood face to face with Isa.

There was no doubt of his feeling, as they stood there, neither speaking.

It was not disappointment, but rage; if she had been a man, he would have struck her.

Isa was quick to take in what he felt; and cared enough for him too, to feel the keen thrust, as of a stab,—not a mortal one, however. She had come on a venture, if not a forlorn hope: and she was not one to be easily daunted. At least she would do her best. She would not steal or murder, to win him; but she would (one could wish the good old English word did not sound so rough to ears polite) lie and deceive him,—for his own good, he it understood,—and think no worse of herself for doing so.

Isa did not meet Morley with any of her usual blandishments or small coquetries; but with a certain embarrassment, such as one might wear, if one had ill news to tell.

Her pretty eyes had a deprecating look in them, as for that one moment they stood face to face.

She it was, who spoke first:

"You did not expect to see me," she half asked, half asserted.

"Most assuredly not," said Morley, with no desire to appear polite.

"You had an appointment with some one else," she began. Then, finding Morley disinclined to acknowledge anything of the kind, she added quickly: "I know you were expecting Annis; but something has happened, which may be an excuse for her not coming."

"I know Annis perfectly well, ever since she was a child, and I also know she is incapable of breaking her word," said Morley stiffly.

"But there might be circumstances—"

"There can be none, that I can foresee," interrupted Morley.

"But there are just such circumstances," said Isa, more boldly. "We girls are fatally influenced when we are in love; and Annis is engaged to Dallas Armstrong."

"That is easy to say—" remarked Morley, with contempt.

"But she is. Even the children know it. Dolly could hardly go to sleep for chattering about it. Lee is enraptured," said Isa, eager to prove her point.

"She said nothing to me of an engagement: though she mentioned having seen Dallas," said Morley, still not convinced.

"Perhaps she did not wish to: or she may have had something more interesting to talk to you of," said Isa, giving one of those little shots on a venture, not knowing she hit the mark.

"Did Annis send you to tell me?" asked Morley, covering up the thrust he had received.

"Who could she better send than her own sister: her twin one too?"

"Did she send you to tell me she would not be here? yes, or no, please?" asked Morley, bluntly.

One monosyllable was as familiar as the other; and Isa without any hesitation said, "yes." Morley had put the answer into her mouth, and he was responsible.

"And gave you no note? no message?" he asked, his anger rising again.

"No note; but certainly a message," said Isa, with a little reluctance in her voice, as if she feared to hurt him. "She told me to say she could not come; that her meeting you would only give pain to both: a pain she saw no reason in inflicting."

It was hardly a message given in Isa's own vernacular, Morley saw at once.

"No reason to keep her promise?" said he, with a sneer.

The change in his way of speaking of Annis, struck Isa instantly; and she was quick enough

to change her tactics. To defend Annis, would only irritate Morley.—"You must not be hard on dear Annis," she said. "You must remember she has so many to influence her. Not only Lee, who for some reason has never been your friend; but also Mr. Armstrong, who she is engaged to, and who is not altogether pleased at your keeping him from knowing where Annis was, for so long."

Another arrow on a venture, on Isa's part.

"So she has made you her confidante?" asked Morley, still sneeringly.

"Why not, since we are sisters?" said Isa, innocently. "Besides, you must have observed, as a family we have few secrets."

She did not explain that she had stood on the hall side of the door for a few minutes after her interview with poor little, would-be loyal Dolly; and the door being very thin, she had overheard a few remarks of both Annis and Lee: something of which, she had now repeated with the weight of a message.

"But Annis is no coward. She might have come at least to say good-bye, when she knew I was going away," said Morley, with complaint in his voice.

"Are you going away?" asked Isa, with a catching of the breath, almost a sob. "Will you be gone long?"

"I cannot tell. For life, no doubt," he answered with bitterness. "My one hope of return was through Annis; and you come to tell me she has deserted me."

"How can Annis influence your return?" asked Isa, quickly.

And Morley answered, quite as quickly: "I thought, as Mr. Barron is so fond of her, she would intercede for my return."

"Then you are not leaving on Annis's account, but on Mr. Barron's?" said Isa, with deliberation.

In a moment, Morley saw he had blundered; so answered, with a show of indifference that in no way blinded Isa:—"Oh, the best of friends quarrel; and Mr. Barron is crotchety as he grows older."

"But how could he quarrel with you to the degree of sending you away for life?" asked Isa, innocently; though keeping a steady gaze on Morley's face.

"It is better for me to go. I am not succeeding here; and the far West, or even Canada, have fine openings for men of energy."

Morley was a little sulky at having to make any such explanation to Isa.

"Oh, then there is nothing wrong," said Isa; but in the same tone with which she would have declared there was something very wrong.

"If there were, it would not be of interest to you," said Morley, roughly.

"Not unless I could be of help to you"—inquiringly.

"You cannot. It seems to be my fate to go away alone, and live with utter strangers," added Morley, gloomily.

There was something in the motion of Isa's daintily gloved hands, that caught Morley's notice: a way of clasping and twining the slender fingers, in a despairing fashion. Looking from the hands to the face, he saw large tears gathering in her eyes,—eyes always pretty, but doubly large and pathetic, when full of tears. Morley had never in his life seen a woman cry for his sake: and that Isa should give way to grief in that fashion, surprised and touched him.

"Are you sorry for me?" he asked gently.

"Sorry? Oh, I cannot bear it! You must not go to that horrid West alone—" and Isa broke down into a fit of sobbing.

Morley let her hide her face in her handkerchief for a moment. It was a pleasant feeling to him, to find that any one cared for him in the world, where he was feeling so lonely and deserted.

"Poor Isa!" he said, not without a touch of real tenderness. "I am not worthy of your tears."

Isa raised her wet face. "Then you will not go?"

"I must. I have no choice."

"But not alone. You will take—somebody,—anybody, so you will not be so lonely," she pleaded.

"But there is no one to go with me—unless you would," put in Morley, jestingly.

"You would not care for my going," said Isa, with just a flash of her old coquettishness.

Morley rose from his seat, and walked up and down the path. He was evidently pondering something. Once he looked at his watch—it was ten minutes after eight. He must leave in the first train. Anna was not coming. Should he take Isa at her word?

He glanced at her each time he passed her. Her face was half turned from him, shyly. A pretty woman: a beautiful figure, dressed with good taste. Her very mode of hiding any embarrassment she felt, (drawing marks on the frosty path, with the tip of a well-fitting French boot—) was proof that she was not pushing herself on him. Certainly she would do him credit as his wife: would make a better appearance on the frontier, than many even more refined women, with whom she might associate. Besides, she would be a bond with home; and as Anna's sister—Anna, who did not feel enough for him to see him once again—Mr. Barron would be interested in her fate: condone, recall, who knows?

There were but a few moments to argue the question: though the seconds seemed hours to Isa who had dared so much.

Presently he stopped before her. "Listen, Isa," he said, more gently than he had yet spoken. "Do you really mean you would go with me?"

"To the ends of the earth," she said timidly.

"I will not take you so far as that. But I can give you no time. The train leaves in twenty minutes. We can stop at a convenient place, in a few hours, and be married."

"Do you mean it?" asked Isa, surprised by her easy victory, and rising to her feet.

"Certainly I mean it. But how will you get your trunks?"

"Oh, they can be sent by express, when you telegraph our marriage. My dress does very well for traveling. And there are always stores, you know, wherever we stop," added practical Isa.

"Come, then—" Morley said.

In a moment she was the old Isa, alert and decided: no longer the weeping maid whose tears had touched Morley's impulsive—one cannot say, heart.

Together they crossed the Square, leaving Broadway behind them. As they mingled with the stream of people in the distance, making for the nearest station of the elevated road, a girl not unlike Isa in appearance, came in on the Broadway side.

She was walking quickly, as if late; and indeed she had been surprised, on comparing her watch with one in a jeweler's window, to find it a quarter of an hour slow. She had always found it such a perfect time-piece heretofore; and she remembered too, that Lee's clock showed the same error. Little did she know that Isa was responsible for the slackness of both. A quarter of an hour, little as we think of so small a fraction of time, may stand for eternity, when we have something to gain, or even to lose.

As Anna entered the Square, she saw some one like Isa pass out on the opposite side.

She laughed at herself for the conceit. Isa, who had gone to Madame Larue's soon after seven; and who was much too careful, to wear her best dress on an every-day occasion. She lost sight of her the next instant: else she must have thought the man who joined her, looked like Morley. Morley, whom Anna feared she had kept waiting.

But he had not come yet. She could give him ten minutes' grace still.

So she seated herself to wait, on the bench which Morley and Isa had occupied.

Anna had so many thoughts to engross her,—of her meeting with Dallas, and the difference it made in her life,—that she did not know how time passed, until she chanced to look at her watch. She found that she had been more than an hour, sitting there. She rose at once, a little angry at herself for allowing Morley to put this slight on her; but more annoyed at the recollection that she had asked Lee to meet her at a certain flower-store on Broadway.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE FORTESQUE WATCH."

A DISCOVERY.

IN an unpretentious way I claim to be something of a collector of *bric-a-brac* and articles of *vertu*. I have what my nephew, Tom McIntosh, irreverently terms "a strongly developed taste for junk" and a pronounced love of old things. My weakness for ancient jewelry and ornaments amounts to a positive mania, and I sometimes doubt whether it would be at all safe or advisable to leave me unguarded in that portion of a first-class museum devoted to relics of this sort, since cynics have decided that every man's honesty has its limit. I love to arrange and rearrange my small collection, to piece out by an effort of the imagination the fragmentary suggestions of the past supplied by each article, into well-rounded tales of by-gone days. Sometimes I jot my musings down, but oftener not, keeping them rather as an intellectual supplement to my strictly private exhibitions.

Being cut off by physical infirmities from active participation in the world of men and events, I am naturally driven to find solace in the larger world of thought and intellectual enjoyment, and in this world my curios fill no unimportant place. This taste of mine is widely known among friends and comrades of more active days, who kindly bear in mind an old soldier's hobby and lend themselves to its gratification in many thoughtful ways.

It was, therefore, with less of surprise than pleasure that I received, some months ago, a small packet bearing the Fort Worth postmark and addressed in Tom's scrawly, scrawly hand; that boy never would learn to write properly, always too impatient to produce anything but a hurried, illegible fist, highly destructive to the temper and eyesight of correspondents. It was a long, flat package about the size of a large Swift & Courtney match-box and its holding capacity was of course circumscribed. Still, I opened it gingerly; for long experience of Tom's proclivity for practical joking had made me cautious, and while the size of the box precluded the possibility of a joke's assuming alarming proportions, it was quite within the range of probability that the removal of the lid would turn strange reptiles and creeping things of the earth loose upon my desk. Somewhat to my amazement, as well as relief, nothing of the sort occurred. The receptacle showed only a good-sized packet wrapped in soft doeskin, which, being unfolded, disclosed one of the largest and handsomest antique watches I have ever seen. It was a gentleman's watch, very thick and heavy, and for beauty of finish and workmanship exceeded any old timepiece it had ever been my good fortune to examine. Unconsciously, my confidence in my nephew reinstated itself, and the many jests

of which my pet hobby had been the butt receded into the background of memory. A dozen jokes, even of the sorriest, were well compensated by such a noble earnest as this.

The watch was plainly a very old one, something like a hundred and fifty years or so, I judged at the first glance, even before a thorough examination. The key-hole was in the dial-plate, which was protected by an exceptionally stout sheet of crystal; the hands were tiny, exquisitely carved javelins—the second-hands being of gold, as well as the others; around the outer circle of the dial were delicate arabesques and flowers wrought in various shades of gold, in platinum, and in silver, studded and enriched with seed jewels, and in the centre part, within the circle of the hours, were carved two tiny knights in mail, tilting, with lances in rest. The metal cases were three in number, very thick and handsome, and the outer one, although worn almost smooth by the friction of over a century of service, still showed the remains of a crest and motto, of which the last two words, "*salus ducum*," were distinctly visible. On the inner case was engraved in old English characters "Bartram Fortescue, A. D. 1720," and below the name the motto in full, "*Fortē actum, salus ducum*." With eager interest I removed the third case, which protected the works, and examined them curiously with a good magnifier, filled with admiration and respect for the cunning handicraft of the olden time—handicraft whose exquisite exactitude, durability, and finish we, with all extraneous aids of machinery, have never surpassed and probably never will. The watch was a repeater and apparently in good running order, but that I had no means of testing immediately, as the half dozen keys at my disposal were all too small for the remarkably sturdy key-stem. As I closed the third case I discovered on the inner side of the second a bit of modernism which invested this quaint, portly relic of the past with quite a halo of present romance. It was the picture of a girl—a common, ordinary photograph that had been removed from its card and roughly clipped to fit the case. It represented a beautiful girl, well past the crudity of extreme youth, but with the glory of womanhood still fresh upon her; a face of haunting loveliness, tender and true, but with a certain all-pervading suggestion of pathos and appealing innocence; a face to evoke the protective instinct in its fullest, noblest development; a face to love and cherish; a face to cause strong men to thank God for manhood, since it offered a bulwark and sure refuge from storm for such pure perfection of womanly loveliness. Even I, elderly and a cripple, as I gazed, involuntarily squared my shoulders and moved a trifle, as though warding off a polar blast from a delicate blossom. But how came it here, this beautiful American of the present day and generation; for I could not be deceived

as to her nationality for an instant here in this old English watch, which had every appearance of having been an heirloom in some noble family; and how came the whole thing—the grand, old timepiece, with its lovely occupant—into the hands of my scapegrace nephew in the wilds of Texas? Idly I constructed a theory to reconcile the incongruities, in which there was an impecunious son of a noble house, with sporting proclivities, transplanted to American soil for the economic gratification of the same; a love story, with this lovely lady for heroine, a separation, and further exile to the frontier. For the clothing of this skeleton of the imagination with the flesh of fact, I must be content to await communication from Tom, which was not likely to arrive speedily, and content myself with the joy of possession.

Reaching over, I drew toward me a small blue plush easel, on which hung an exquisite medallion of the Sistine Madonna, one of the chiefest of my treasures. This I detached from its hook and laid aside, substituting the old timepiece, which I placed so that my eyes might fall on it each time I raised them from my book. Greatly pleased with the arrangement, I leaned back in my chair regarding it approvingly for the space of fully ten minutes, after which I grew dissatisfied; the motionless hands worried me, and the silence jarred on my nerves. Involuntarily, I strained the ears of the spirit to catch the sound of ticking, which annoyed me by its absence from the reality of the senses. The dial resembled a calm, inscrutable dead face, and the tiny javelins were folded point and staff together, as though the shaft of time were broken; even the wee combatants looked out of place, with their incongruous suggestion of continuous struggle after the cessation of time. Then I became the sport of another fancy—the girl, perhaps she missed the familiar sound, longed for the gentle, monotonous tick, tick, which told of the lessening moments of waiting, the flight of the hours of probation. It was a whimsical thought, but somehow I imagined that it would comfort and please the fair, sweet stranger in her golden prison to

"Mark the moments swiftly sped
Back and forth, like weaver's thread
Through the warp of changeless Time."

I must and would set the old watch going again. True, I had no suitable key, but I remembered that in a drawer of unused instruments and scientific lumber I had an exceedingly small and powerful pair of pinchers, with which I might manage to hold and turn the stem. Having procured the pinchers, I made the attempt, holding the watch firmly, and manipulating my extempore key as skillfully as possible. After one or two false starts, I succeeded in getting the right grip and wound slowly. The machinery seemed a little stiff, but

answered the invocation of the pinchers nobly, giving out its soft heart beats into the waiting space of silence. Delighted with my success, I set the hands by those of my own watch, striking the hours as I made the necessary evolutions, for the mere childish gratification of hearing the musical ring; then I opened the cases and nodded gayly to the sweet face inside, fancying that the smile in the pictured eyes deepened and the plaintive look about the mouth was less apparent. But even then I was unsatisfied; the watch in some unaccountable way appeared to have bewitched me; it seemed to hold back its confidence, and preserve a secret from me. I wanted to know its history—and the girl's history.

When the "Fortesque watch," as I called my new possession, had been recording the lapse of my days for about six weeks, I chanced one evening upon a very curious article in a Texan newspaper. It treated of watches and their manufacture, from the time of Gallus to the present day, giving an exhaustive and concise account of the rise and progress of the art of recording time. The article interested me particularly, because it treated of the important part that watches have sometimes played in court intrigues and political machinations, the cunning methods in which they have been utilized for the transmission of secret correspondence and the concealment of dangerous secrets rashly committed to paper, the false backs, and infinite contrivances for the conveyance of signals and tokens.

One little story of an old family watch pleased and touched me, showing, as it did, "how easily things go wrong" for lack of a little foresight and care. It was the story of a young girl, in the early part of the seventeenth century, who loved a younger son of a lordly house, to whose heir she had been betrothed in childhood. The lovers met in secret, until they were betrayed in the usual manner, by some mischievous third party, when the maiden, after the custom of the age, was ordered into solitary confinement by her irate parent, to meditate on the enormity of her conduct, and to prepare for a hasty espousal to the legitimate lover, who, meanwhile, banished his perfidious younger brother, with bitter upbraiding and no means of support, from the family love and roof-tree. When the wedding day was fixed and her fate irrevocably sealed, the girl wrote a few words of agonized appeal to the man she loved, entreating him, by fair means or foul, to prevent the coming sacrifice, and offering to elope, even from the church door, with him, after the fashion of young Lochinvar. This note she concealed under the false back of a curious old family watch, which she contrived to have conveyed to him by the hand of one of her own brothers. But, unfortunately, she forgot that her lover was ignorant of the secret of the spring, so that there was no pos-

sibility of his getting at the message. Indeed, the chronicler goes on to state that he never found it, but wore the watch to the end of his life, as his love's last token, and only restored it to her family on his death-bed. The poor lady, in the meantime, finding her message treated, as she thought, with indifference, if not contempt, quietly married the man of her father's choice, and as quietly pined herself into her grave within the year, never dreaming that the secret of the watch was a dead secret, only to be discovered by an inquisitive archaeologist a century later.

I hardly think this little tale would have made a specially lasting impression but for the fact of a real or fancied resemblance between the watch of the story and the one resting on the plush easel on my study table. As it was, the idea of resemblance, once suggested, took hold of me, and I cast about industriously for points of similarity. Both watches were unusually thick; both had what looked like a deep crease around the circle of the outer case just inside the heavy embossed rim; both had a good deal of carving and elaborate wrought work about them, and both were of English make; but none of this amounted to anything—they were points of similarity common to all very old watches. However, as I have stated, the idea of a false back, once admitted, clung to me, and threatened to wreck my peace of mind unless finally disposed of. The thickness of the outer case of the Fortesque watch was certainly noticeable, but easily explained upon the ground of hand-wrought work being always solid and weighty. I pressed the lid between my finger and thumb hard, but it was apparently as solid as a rock; there was no giving, as though a cavity, no matter how small, existed between the two surfaces; no sign that the watch was other than it seemed. The watch of the story was opened by a spring concealed in the heavy rim, and the forcible pressure of a particular leaf in the carving—a holly leaf, the insignia of the family to which it belonged—acted upon the spring, causing a thin sheet of gold in the circle of the deep dent to slide off, leaving space enough for the insertion of a scrap of paper. With the utmost care I dug my nail under every leaf and scrap of carving in the outer rim of the watch in my hand, pushing and pressing against every irregularity, but with painful lack of result. Then I tried a sharp, flat instrument, using it gently for fear of disfigurement, but with resolute persistence, but could discover nothing. If the watch held a secret it would be as faithful to its trust as was its prototype, and do what I would I still was baffled.

Unwilling to admit the common-sense conclusion that there was nothing to discover, I puzzled over my self-set problem for hours, the idea of a false back perversely gaining strength with discouragement. Finally my perseverance was re-

warded just when I was about to give the whole thing up in a fit of ill temper and impatience. Chancing to hold the watch—under a strong magnifier—in such a position that the concentrated rays of light fell on the inside portion of the rim next the handle, I discovered a mark too minute to attract the notice of the naked eye. It was evidently a direction—"Shield, 3, left"—little enough, surely, but my heart beat high with exultation; my surmise was correct; the false back from a theory developed into a fact, and here was the key. On each side the thick stem through which the chain-ring passed was carved a tiny shield, and rightly conjecturing that these were meant, I pressed hard upon both simultaneously, and with interest at fever-heat gave the first turn of the watch toward the left; at first it moved stiffly, then more easily, and, having made the requisite number of turns, I struck the watch lightly against the palm of my open hand, fairly trembling with eagerness and excitement; the centre of the outer case started, and taking a thin, fine, pointed knife, I gently prized off the thin sheet of gold containing the crest. Laying it aside on the desk, I then removed the fragment of paper covered with faded writing, which I had all along been so confident of finding, feeling strangely awed and shamed, as though about to pry into the secrets of the dead, to take mean advantage of opportunity and tamper with matters never intended for alien cognizance. Involuntarily, I forbore a little ere I read the message traced by hands, dust, perhaps, for more than a century. Under what stress of disastrous circumstances had it been penned? What secret of love or hate, fear or treason, did it contain? What evidence, for or against a dead generation, would it bring to the bar of the present? What brain, hot with wild enthusiasm, mad with ardent sentiment, or cold with the calculation of political intrigue, had dictated the words my eyes were about to rest on?

With a curious dalliance and clutching at delay, now that the prize was within my grasp, I rose and lighted another lamp, turned both lights to their fullest brilliancy, and arranged them carefully so that the rays were concentrated on the little heap before my chair, the empty easel, the instruments, the open newspaper, the rifled ornament, and the morsel of paper which was to lift the curtain of the centuries, perhaps, for a transient glimpse of scenes enacted before an audience which had been dust for generations, by actors whose very names, perchance, were forgotten, or, more fortunate, had passed into history.

Musing thus, I opened the scrap of thin, foreign paper, which had been folded over once. The writing was small and delicate and the ink pale, but with the aid of my magnifier I read clearly and distinctly—"Next round-up, Alcan-

taska Ranch; attend in behalf of Mark Donavon, on trail of roan imported bull."

* * * * *

N. B.—The lady with the charming face has been my niece for nearly two months now, and has written me several delightful letters, but I haven't forgiven Tom yet. He bought the watch from an English Jew, down on his luck, for fifty dollars and a spavined mustang, and discovered the secret of the spring by accident. He considered the affair vastly amusing—I did not.

M. G. McCLELLAND.

KITTY AND I.

WE were alone; Lily had gone away to attend a missionary meeting and would be absent two or three days, so we had our little niece, Kitty Wilson, come and stay with us. She had never stayed away from "mamma Ida" one night in all the five years of her life, and she had been looking forward with pleasure to this occasion. And we? Why, it set us back thirty years, and instead of Ida's child, it was Ida herself—the little, motherless four-year-old who crept into our close, sheltering arms in her bereavement and found more than a mother's love.

We had a nice time—Kitty and I. We said: "The child will play all the while, and we can sit and write as if no one was in the house."

But we could not write. The pattering little feet made sweet music; the whispering voice, as she talked to herself, amused us, and all the writing we did in those two days was one postal-card to the woman who makes our good butter.

We will tell about the visit; it may please mothers to read it to their little girls. The first evening, while we two were planning supper, Kitty set the table. She raised one leaf, put on plates, cutlery, bread, butter, jelly, apples, baked and raw, cold chicken, and water. She did this while we were punctuating an exhibition essay we had written for Annie Gray. While we were eating she asked us to read aloud Annie's essay. It was for a little girl ten years old and was called "Robins." We read it. It told all about birds and said robins were such wise birds; told how they worked when they made their nests; how they scolded and squalled and toiled carrying mud and sticks and straw and wool from off the briers, and how much they behaved like people. And then the essay told about an old robin putting a fine little lawn handkerchief into the foundation of her nest in an apple-tree, and how the lady looked for it and thought her hired girl had stolen it and how the papa found it in the autumn-time when he was picking apples.

Kitty said: "I like that kind of essays, and when I am bigger and read at exhibitions, I will choose this kind."

We were talking yet when Annie called for the essay. She thanked us in such a pretty, bright, laughing way for it that Kitty quite fell in love with the little girl. A moment after she was gone, Kitty ran to the window to watch the tripping little miss, and, to her surprise, found her standing on the porch reading the essay in a loud, joyful whisper.

In the evening we made pictures. We did not mean to do it, but how could we sit and read and hear her saying to herself in a whisper, so she would not "disturb Auntie?" "Now this nice-looking man is my own papa. He is going out to milk Julie; he does not need to wear a hat just goin' to the stable, jus' past the garden—for, you see, I don't know how to make a hat." Then she drew her brows and thought how; then leaned her head down; then looked up and began drawing imaginary hats in the air, saying: "Somehow this way; no, that way, seems to me;" and here she looked around at us, but remembering her mother's injunctions about not being troublesome, she let papa go it in his bare head.

Then she went on: "While he's going to the stable he can carry an ear of corn in the other hand for the chickens—make one trip answer; but then men *never* go out bareheaded, you know;" and here she was puzzled. It must be true to nature or she was no artist.

Then we heard a soft, low, slow-spoken "A-u-n-t-i-e."

"What is it, dear?" and we looked over at her work.

"Will you please make my papa a hat? it is all the fault the picture has, and if I make a hat it will cover his face all over. Just any sort of an old hat will do, you know."

"Was that papa?" we asked, and why did he have two eyes in one side of his face? and why were his legs two straight lines not parted at the bottom at all? and where was one arm? and why did the other arm curl up at the end? and why did he not have on pantaloons? He looked like a man made of reeds.

And the little maiden, without any hesitancy, explained that papa's face was toward us and ought to show both eyes; that he was standing still and straight and his legs ought to appear that way; that one hand was in his pocket yet, and she had to put a curling curve in the other arm to make a place to hold the pail.

Then we showed her how to make legs and arms and feet and curves and shadows, and she was so happy her eyes gleamed like sapphire.

So we made the whole family at home. We drew outlines and she filled and finished. There was mamma flying out to tell papa to bring in the eggs when he came from milking; Susie, the girl, in the doorway laughing at Grace, who was frightened at an angle-worm; Clark coming out to see

the worm, and Rosemary tied fast in the rocking-chair with a knotted scarf. And there through the open door was to be seen the clock up on the wall, the lamp and reflector, and the supper-table, with everything on it. Through the open door at the other side of the house was the vine on the porch, the long, wide village street, the maples, the church-spires, and the cemetery, with the cedars and the monuments in the distance.

When she wished for her water-colors, we said we would find a substitute, and the ready question was, "What is a substitute?"

We gave her our blue and violet pencils and a bit of red keel, found in an old tea-pot, and a black pencil, and while she was finishing her family picture we drew outlines of others, some of them so funny that we laughed heartily over the fun. All the time we were answering questions. Did we paint pictures when we were little? Did our auntie or our mamma draw for us? What did we do for colors? What did we "substitute"?

How the doors of memory did swing open! How the dead were our boy and girl companions again! How poor were our meagre opportunities, but how rich we were in resources!

Her little hand poised midway, clutching the pencil, her eyes shone and winked fast, her red lips worked, and her breath came short and panting, and sometimes the rising laughter would die away into stifled sobs.

"Did we make pictures when we were a little girl?" Ah! we had quite forgotten it! And we told her our first pictures were made on the window-panes with bits of tallow candles, when mamma was away from home; how we marshaled the children up on to the tables beside the windows, and divided the panes of clean glass among us, and went to work with such an exquisite sense of enjoyment. And that she might the more truly appreciate her own pleasures, freely given, we told her what the consequences were.

Later, when we painted in colors, we told her our blue was the indigo tied up in a rag, used for bluing on wash-day; the yellow, the yelk of an egg; the purple, a twisted-up morning-glory or aster; and the green was a twisted blade of grass rubbed on. After she had finished coloring her pictures she said:

"Now, auntie, I want you to write the names under them, for if you don't nobody will know what they are."

At this we laughed, for we thought of Mrs. Stowe's story of "This is a horse."

So she called out, papa, mamma, Susie, Grace, Clark, Rosemary. The large blue, frilled stiff flowers were sunflowers. To this we demurred; sunflowers were never blue, but the little maiden stoutly asserted that these were a new kind, and they would surely set aside the common yellow, of which people were growing tired. A man with a

moony face and with feet that were wonderfully webbed, and whose dark blue hair stuck out straight, was called "Mister Carolina." Another, running down hill with two dogs after him, was "Mister Robusco." His boots lay in mid-air in the distance.

Just as we put her gown on her at night, which is of Canton flannel all in one continuous garment of waist and drawers and hose, her uncle called in with the news. There was a letter of six pages of foolscap from a dear woman, which Kitty asked us to read aloud, saying, "I can guess at the big words." And she lay there listening, occasionally giving an exclamation of interest, saying once: "The dear creetur'; she's so sharp."

We slept in the library, the room above the base burner. She was surprised that we did not burn a lamp all night, and asked why. One of our objections was that a lamp makes the air impure.

"Maybe so," she said, "but we burn one at home all night, to save matches. We are more saving than you are. In the morning papa lights a bit of paper at the lamp to start the kitchen fire, and that saves one good, fresh new match."

We were alone the next forenoon. In "Ida's room" up-stairs is a trunk which was never removed to the new home. It belongs to Kitty when she is a woman. It has all the mother's "things" in it, from the cards, pictures, toys, letters, and gifts of her childhood, on up to her husband's presents and her wedding bonnet. The life of the girl is there, and, though it is sacred, Kitty has the privilege of looking at its contents. We carried the trunk out into the warm library, and the little woman was left alone with her happiness.

We said: "Now, Kitty, we would like to go over to your papa's of an errand. You can keep house while we are gone. You are five years old, and one time you kept house for your mamma while she went down to the foundry, you know."

"But I had Grace with me," was the answer. "I don't like to stay alone so very well." And she hesitated.

We said: "When your dear old grandpa was your age he could go to mill alone, along the Indian trail, and sometimes he would see lots of Indians, and he had no company but his two little dogs, Mars and Venus."

At this she looked up and laughed out:

"Why, he named his dogs by the stars, didn't he? Certainly, I can stay alone, and if anybody comes I'll say 'Miss Potts has gone over to Wilson's, to get a little cream. She don't feel very well to-day.'"

When we returned we found a young man—a book agent—awaiting us. He was very friendly; he had heard of us; had learned that we were fond of reading; that we were generous; that we

liked new books and patronized book-agents. We understood the game. There are three women who mischievously send book-agents and widowers from one to the other to get rid of them. It was easy work to direct the agent where to go. His book was called *Crimes and Criminals*, and while we sat and warmed our feet we took Kitty on our lap and talked with her, "pointed a moral," suggested by the young man's business. The moral was that "the evil we do lives after us."

Good old John Newton says: "Fill the bushel with wheat, and you may defy the devil to fill it with tares."

In the afternoon Grace came over to visit. They hunted up the dolls and doll-clothes that their own mother had played with in her childhood; the little dresses and gowns and skirts and bedding, yellow with age but carefully treasured all these years. While they played we took the basket of darning for our work, for then we could play with them.

They played "sick baby." Grace was the doctor; Kitty carried her ailing infant to the doctor, who felt of the pulse and said it was up to eighteen; that she had worms and must be treated. Give her forty grains of quinine in jelly, bind a poultice of bark on her leg, and for drink give her toast-water. Make the toast by laying the bread in the fire half an hour, then put it into a quart of water.

Then Kitty was the doctor, and Grace came with her screaming child. It had rheumatism in the head, and must be bathed in sweet milk and water, with a poultice of corn-meal on the breast. It must quit crying. It was not polite to cry out loud, and if it would howl so give it something worth crying for. A change of climate would be good, and they had better take it over the Shenandoah into the valley. If they could not find out about that river, they must study geography and learn, like other folks do.

And then we all told stories. Kitty told about one time we invited her mother over to take tea and to bring the children with her, and how after they had gone home in the evening poor little Grace, not knowing what was meant by taking tea at auntie's, said: "There! there! we did forget to drink tea!"

And Grace's story was about "One time when we all took a walk to the bridge over the railroad, and while we stood on the bridge the train came near and we all covered our ears; and the 'gineer shook his head that he wouldn't toot, and we took our hands down, and then, just when the train was under the bridge below us, the 'gineer did toot dreffully and made us all scream, and he just laughed and laughed!"

And then the little dears, with great satisfaction, announced that it was auntie's turn to tell a

story, and they began to discuss which one they wanted, and they pressed up closer and closer while they debated which story it should be—"Auntie at school," "Auntie getting cheated," "Auntie running away," "Auntie keeping house," "Auntie playing idiot," or "Auntie in the almshouse." They decided on "Auntie running away," a very tame old story, told more than fifty times every month. So she told it in this way:

"When Aunt was a little girl only three or four years old, she got up one morning early, and while she was out-doors looking at the morning-glories, she felt lonely and took a notion to run away. Her dear Aunt Betsey lived across two fields and the path was very nice and straight down to her house. So she started and ran off with all her might. Her papa was out on the hillside chopping wood, and he hailed to her to stop and go back home. She ran on. He hailed again. She did not mind him. When she got to her aunt's house there was nobody awake, only her aunt out in the kitchen getting breakfast. She was very glad to see her. She stood the little chair close to the fire and took the little, cold, bare feet in her hands and warmed them and said she loved the little girl and would soon have some nice hot breakfast ready.

"The praise and kind words made the child feel very important and she folded her hands and puckered her mouth and looked into the red fire and thought she was quite a grand lady and great traveler.

"Presently there was a man's step at the door and the papa came in, angry, carrying a long whip that he had got in the woods; and he said:

"Why did you not go back home when I called you?"

"The little naughty girl made no reply, and the kind auntie said:

"I am glad to see her and want her to stay for breakfast. I will soon have the biscuit and chicken-gravy ready."

"But her papa said:

"Go home this minute; you disobeyed me! I will have to punish you!"

"And the little girl got up and ran with all her might, and her papa walked real fast and angry and whipped the grass close behind her, and she had to run her very fastest or the whip would cut her little bare feet. She ran so fast that the big whip did not touch her at all. And she never ran away again in her life and she always obeyed her papa."

In the twilight after supper that evening, Kitty and Grace and Auntie all sat softly rocking in the big chair telling stories. They forgot to light a lamp, and sat there until the evening train brought Lily home and Papa Wilson came over with the cab for the two little girls. They had such a nice time. They had forgotten all about themselves

and where they were and what they were doing, until they were roused by the steps and by the wheels of the cab.

Kitty said: "O papa! you and Lily ought to have been here! We've had such jolly times, all of us three, playing together; and the good stories just rolled out of auntie! You don't know how funny and foolish and smart she is; oh! my."

And when the cab rolled away with the hooded and muffled darlings, with a little laugh, we said: "The babies! bless the babies! how dreary the world would be without the babies in it!"

PIPSEY POTTS.

MISS PAMELA'S BOY.

OVER the hills" from "the poorhouse" rode Miss Pamela Hartwell in the golden brightness of the late August afternoon. The winding country-road was bordered on either side by a tangled mass of such green things as love an old, crumbling stone wall to creep and clamber over—the sinewy ivy, the wild grape, with its clusters just beginning to purple, serried ranks of blackberry bushes, with here and there some over-ripe fruit still clinging. The golden-rod was just flinging out its brilliant tassels, and in some low, moist places there was the scarlet gleam of the cardinal-flower. All the air was vibrant with the strumming of crickets, despite the lingering heat and glow, sibilantly iterating that "the melancholy days are come."

But Miss Pamela seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for outside sights and sounds. She sat upright, as usual, in her old-fashioned chaise, and upon the seat beside her was the empty willow-basket in which she had carried jellies and raspberry-vinegar to poor old Mrs. Brown at the almshouse.

She grasped the reins as firmly as if Susie, the sedate bay mare, had been a veritable Flora Temple, but her gray eyes, ordinarily so keenly observant, had an introverted expression, and her lips moved unconsciously. Her face was strong, as of one wholly used to independent thought and action, and kindly, too, although to a mother's eye it might have lacked the tenderness born only of the care of little children. Indeed, it had been long since Miss Pamela had had anybody of her very own to care for. Her father and mother had been many years dead, and her one brother, settled at Clifton Centre, twenty miles away, had burdened himself with a "shiftless" wife, whom the energetic spinster could ill abide. Intercourse between the brother and sister had dwindled, in consequence, to semi-annual visits, given and received—on Miss Pamela's part, at least—as the mere homage due to outward proprieties.

For years she had lived quite alone in the old

house which had been her birthplace. Of hired help she would have none.

"Where would be the use? I'm as well and strong as ever I was, and if I do my own work I've got nobody to scold," she would reply, cheerily, to the remonstrance of some of her friends, who thought the tending of horse, cow, fowls, and garden slightly incongruous with womanly pursuits and dignity.

"But why not keep a boarder or two for company?"

"Boarders for company!" she would repeat almost with indignation, "don't you know what takin' boarders means? It means lettin' somebody pay you in money for the privilege of over-runnin' your house, findin' fault with your vittles and pryin' into your secrets, if you've got any! No! when I want company I'll invite 'em and treat 'em as handsome as I know how, but no boarders for me."

No wonder, then, that the persistency and persuasiveness of the thought which now forced itself upon her seemed almost incredible to herself.

Far down in the depths of her consciousness, as in a sealed alabaster box, lay the memory of her one romance; but this afternoon, over the long waste of years, the faint, precious fragrance came floating sweet as the breath of violets in June.

In the midst of poor Mrs. Brown's effusive gratitude over the contents of the willow-basket, the door of the small room had opened and a pair of dark, lustrous eyes peered curiously in. At the same instant, with mysterious double consciousness, Miss Pamela had seen another pair of eyes, so marvelously like, smile a loving farewell upon her from the deck of an out-going ship—a ship that went down in rounding the treacherous Horn more than thirty years ago.

"It's only Jocko," said Goody Brown, perplexed by the discovery that Miss Pamela was no longer listening. "Come in, child, and shut the door behind ye! You can't 'a' forgot Jock, Miss Hartwell?"

No, she had not forgotten. The story of the strange, dark-faced woman found dying by the wayside some nine years before, was still fresh in the memory of the country-folk, into whose quiet lives such bits of tragedy from the outside world seldom entered. She had been tenderly carried into the nearest farm-house; some one had ridden hastily for a physician, who came only in time to note the last, faint pulsations of a worn-out heart. She had not moved or spoken. Once only, when they took her year-old baby from her stiffening arms, she had opened eyes piteous and beseeching as those of a wounded animal. Whence she came none ever knew, and only God marked the nameless grave in which she was laid.

The child—poor little waif afloat upon the sea of humanity—had grown up in the almshouse.

It was he who entered in obedience to the old woman's summons—a lithe, slender boy, with the nut-brown cheeks and jetty hair of his mother. He leaned upon the bed's edge, looking curiously into the face of the visitor.

"Don't stand in front o' the lady, Jock!" said Mrs. Brown, sharply; then, apologetically, to Miss Pamela, "It aint a bad child he is at heart, but who's to teach him his manners? He's gettin' too old to stay here, but there don't seem to be nobody as wants to take him—the more's the pity! Not that I'm sayin' that I shouldn't miss him myself!"

A sudden thought flashed into Miss Pamela's mind—a bold, revolutionary thought, threatening the whole established routine of her solitary life. She felt that she must be alone with it. She could not face it with even Goody Brown's eyes upon her, much less those of the child whose strange resemblance had evoked, for one dizzy moment, the color and perfume of her lost youth.

It was this thought which went with her, now, on her homeward way.

"I'm gettin' too old," she said to herself, "to be doin' all the chores outside as if I was a man. And ever since I had that spell o' rheumatism, it's been as much as I wanted to do to bend my back over the garden-beds. I actually need a lively boy to help me and step about on errands. It's a duty I owe to myself to be savin' o' my strength."

She rode on for a few moments, and then, with a sudden jerk at the reins which made old Susie prick her ears in deprecatory surprise, she exclaimed:

"Pamely Hartwell, I'm ashamed of you! Speak the truth to yourself and say you want the boy *because* you want him! And let that settle it!"

Her decision once made, Miss Pamela was not slow in action. The very next week found Jock domiciled under her roof. Good Mrs. Brown had shed some tears of mingled sorrow and pleasure over him in parting, and the busy matron of the almshouse had said, a little anxiously:

"I don't just know how Jock 'll steady down, Miss Hartwell. He's come and gone about as he liked here—there bein' so little for him to do. He's a master-hand to run about. Sometimes I've thought 'twas in the blood."

Miss Pamela's heart yearned unaccountably over the child. She would gladly have petted and made much of him had not a stern sense of the fitness of things restrained her. "Coddling" of any sort had been unknown in the Hartwell household. "Praise to the face is open disgrace," was one of its most rigid maxims. Miss Pamela could scarcely remember when, as a child, her own ignorance and inexperience had not carried with them a vague sense of guilt. If she had married and had children of her own about her, mother-love might, perhaps, have rebounded from

the memory of such early discipline to undue laxity. As it was, anxious to do her very best for her new charge, she instinctively measured her duty toward him by the only standard she had known.

Jock, however—O blessed soul-knowledge of childhood!—was able to read between the straight lines of his appointed tasks, and to understand, somehow, from the first that Miss Pamela loved him.

The novelty of his surroundings and employments fascinated the child. At the almshouse the matron had expected of him no service but to "save her steps." Here there were patient old Susie and "the colt" to be fed and groomed, Brindle to be driven to and from the lowland pasture, apples from the orchard, and vegetables from the garden to be gathered and stored.

So the autumn passed and the winter crept on apace. The early darkness descended as Jock made his daily journey from the village school. The "chores" done and supper over, he would sit with Miss Pamela at her little work-table to spell over his next day's lessons and then go to his early rest.

Miss Pamela was marvelously content. The face in the mirror where she stood to coil her hair in the early mornings looked back at her younger and softer by ten years. She found herself wondering how she could have lived alone so long.

"I can't see what the matron meant by Jock's 'steading down,'" she said to herself, "for a quieter or more obedient lad one might go far to see!"

Alas! she was destined to learn sooner than she dreamed!

Spring came at last. The great snowdrifts, piled like the ramparts of a beleaguered city, melted away before an east wind from the sea. Life was astir in springing grass and bursting bud. On the edge of the wood, the trailing arbutus turned a shyly flushing cheek to the sun. There was the flight of birds in the air. Even the tides of the ocean rose higher at their flood. Poor little Jock! Mysterious influences were moving in his nature as well. "I've thought, sometimes, 'twas in the blood!" the good matron had said, voicing a truth old as humanity. Thank God! that He, who is our Judge, has mapped these strange currents flowing from generation to generation, else who among us should ever anchor in the desired haven?

It could not escape Miss Pamela's observant eyes that the boy had grown restless and uneasy. Reasoning that occupation is the surest cure for discontent she increased the number of his tasks.

The crisis came one balmy May-day when the soft south wind blew up from the meadows laden with the breath of blossoming clover. Jock had

worked busily at the garden-beds through the long morning, waging his daily battle with the fast-springing weeds, and, at the usual hour, had taken the road to school.

Noon came, but no Jock! After a half-hour of perplexed waiting, Miss Pamela sat down to her solitary meal.

"Maybe he had to study in the nooning," she said to herself, "and the Pearson boys would be sure to give him a part of their dinner."

The afternoon wore on. It was four—five o'clock, and still he did not come. She brought her work to the west window, which commanded a long view of the road, but though she made a feint of sewing, few stitches were added to her seam. At last she saw Miss Hatton, the teacher, walking slowly along the path. Miss Pamela hurried out, but before she could speak was met by the question she had meant to ask:

"Where is Jock to-day, Miss Hartwell?"

"Where? Why, don't you know? He hasn't come home!"

"He has not been at school all day. I thought, maybe, he was sick."

"Not been at school? He went this morning!"

"Then he did not go all the way, Miss Hartwell, for I have not seen him!"

"What—what can have happened?" faltered Miss Pamela.

"Nothing very serious, I hope!" answered Miss Hatton, cheerily. The experience of a teacher, while it may broaden charity, tends, also, to lessen expectations of perfection.

"Pretty good boys will, sometimes, play truant, you know!" she added.

"But I can't think that of Jock!" was the almost indignant answer.

At nine o'clock, that evening, Miss Pamela returned from a vain search in the village, sick at heart with anxiety. In the shadow of the doorway some one rose tremblingly to meet her.

"Jock!" she cried. "Where have you been?"

"I couldn't help it, Aunt Pamela!"

"Help what, child? What do you mean?"

She drew him inside the house.

In the light of the lamp which she had left burning he stood a forlorn, jacketless, little figure, his trousers soiled with moist clay and his torn sleeves falling over a pair of grimy hands. He raised his eyes—those beautiful, piteous eyes—but they fell before her stern, astonished gaze. The silence grew so dreadful that the child was fain to break it.

"I—I meant to go to school, Aunt Pamela! If I only hadn't had to go by the pine woods and the brook! And the wind was sort o' callin' in the trees! I couldn't help it—I went before I knew!"

Alas, poor Jock! What said the deserter of the Mosenthal in his death-hour?

"A sweet tone drew me on! The boy that blew the Alpine horn—'tis he should bear the blame!"

The boy paused for a moment, still that terrible silence!

"But I've brought you something," he faltered. "I heard you say you liked 'em—there's lots growing down there by the brook." He stepped through the open door and returned almost instantly with the missing jacket in his hands. As he hurriedly unrolled it a mass of cowslips—waxed leaves and golden blossoms—fell upon the floor.

"I thought you'd like 'em?" he repeated, questioningly, and his pleading eyes sought her own once more.

Suddenly the stern lines of Miss Pamela's face relaxed.

"O Jock! how could you do it?" she said, with a little break in her voice, which would have been a sob in a woman cast in softer mold.

"I won't again, Aunt Pamela! I won't indeed! I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf!"

Once more, alas! poor Jock! The good resolution proved weaker than a rope of sand. His offense was but the beginning of a series of similar ones of greater or less flagrancy. Just as in some long, quiet interval, Miss Pamela convinced herself that his wandering propensity was cured, a fresh outbreak would plunge her into despair. Punishment, rebuke, entreaty—all were alike of no avail against the strange impulse when it came. No matter how important the task to which he had been set he cast it aside and was once more away. More than once she had been on the point of banishing him utterly, but he was in all other ways so gentle and obedient, so quick to anticipate her wishes, that the thought of resuming the old life without him seemed unendurable. Then, too, he always returned so humble and repentant, and bearing some peace offering akin to the jacket filled with cowslips. Whatever the gift might be—a string of speckled trout, a hat full of ripe berries, treasures of wintergreen, wild thyme and sassafras—he presented it with the sorrowful plaint:

"I couldn't help it, Aunt Pamela! But I won't again! I won't! I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf!"

Three years had passed and Jock was just thirteen.

The summer had been damp and malarious. One sultry afternoon a letter was brought to Miss Pamela announcing the sudden and dangerous illness of her brother. All her childish tenderness for him revived with the thought of his peril.

"I must go by the first train to-morrow!" she said. "I don't see any other way. Jane's no sort of a nurse, anyhow, and if John is like that, she

won't do anything but stand around wringing her hands and let him die! Jock, do you suppose you could look after things for two or three days?"

"I'm sure I could!" cried the boy with ready sympathy.

"There's plenty of vittles cooked up, so you wouldn't have any trouble about that. There'd be Susie and the colt and the cow to tend. You wouldn't need to set the milk—you could carry it right over in the pail to Widow Brown, she'd be glad enough of it, poor soul! And then, the chickens! And sure enough, Jock! old Speckle will be apt to be hatching by to-morrow. I wouldn't have anything go wrong with her for money, after all the trouble I had to get those Cochins eggs!"

"I'll see to everything, Aunt Pamela. Don't you worry one bit!"

Late on the third afternoon Miss Pamela, somewhat dusty and worn, alighted from the train. She looked anxiously for Jock, whom she had expected to meet her with the chaise, and a secret trouble grew at her heart.

"Maybe he made a mistake in the time," she said to herself. "The clock might a run down. I forgot to tell him to be sure to wind it."

She walked quickly along. The road from the station lay past the field where her cow was pastured. As she drew near Brindle stood at the bars, looking eagerly through and calling her with a plaintive "Moo!"

"Why, Brindle, what's the matter?" she said. Then, suddenly—"For the land's sake! I don't believe the cow's been milked for two days! Oh! it can't be that Jock—"

She hastily let down the bars, leaving her sentence unfinished, and drove the released animal before her.

As she opened the gate of the barnyard, a duet of distressful whinnies greeted her from the stable. Susie and "the colt" tugged at their halters as she went in, reaching out long, hungry noses. Evidently they had kept long and most unwilling fast. She crossed the barn-floor to the grain-bin, with a wooden measure in her hand. In stooping to fill it she saw three or four crumpled masses of yellow down lying close together in a corner. She picked them up mechanically. Poor little Cochins! fallen from the nest in the hay-loft, they were cold and stiff.

"Fool that I was to trust that boy!" she said, through her set teeth. "But I've learned my lesson, and it serves me right! This 'll be the end!"

She found the house-door ajar and the windows open.

"And this such a summer for tramps and rain-storms!" she cried, hurrying from room to room, more angry every moment. That nothing was missing or disturbed seemed the only drop of

comfort in the general bitterness of disappointed confidence.

Mechanically she went from one to another of the neglected tasks. For the first time in three years she laid the table for one, made the tea, and forced herself to swallow some undesired morsels. The cool breeze came softly in as she sat in her arm-chair after the tea things had been cleared away, but she heeded only her own bitter reflections.

"I've done my best by him!" she said to herself. "I've fed him and clothed him and schooled him, and bore with him and forgave him, and"—with a hard laugh—"loved him! But I'm done!"

As she rose, at length, to bolt the door, she fancied she heard a light, hesitant step outside. She threw it open.

"If that's you, Jock, you can come in," she said, in a cold voice.

The boy, for it was he, crept forward and sank at her feet in a storm of weeping.

"I'm an awful boy," he sobbed. "I aint fit to live. I've done it again. I didn't mean to. Oh! I didn't! It was the menagerie! I was up at three o'clock yesterday morning to see it go by. There were such horses as I never saw, and great, painted wagons, and camels and elephants—real elephants, Aunt Pamela. And I went after them."

She made no answer, but towered above him, straight and tall, like a silent Nemesis.

"O Aunt Pamela! won't you forgive me?" he moaned. "I know I'll turn over a new leaf this time."

"Don't say that again—never again. Get up, and if you're hungry there's a bite in the pantry. Then you can go to bed, and to-morrow I'll have somethin' to say. But not one word to-night!"

There was no mistaking the stern decision of her tone. Jock could not eat, and so crept pitifully to bed.

He rose very early next morning, coming softly down-stairs with his shoes in his hand, lest he should disturb Miss Pamela. At the kitchen-door he started to see her there before him.

"Where are you goin'?" she asked.

"To do the chores," he answered, tremblingly.

"Well, then, you needn't go. You'll never do anything more for me. I've tried you over and over, and you've failed me. Now I wash my hands of you! Go up-stairs and tie your clothes into a bundle, and after breakfast you can go anywhere you like, but you needn't come back. There's the Wilders and the Plunketts both wanting a chore-boy, I hear. Or, perhaps, you'd rather go back where I took you from."

"O Aunt Pamela! Don't!"

"Not one word! And never call me that again!"

She heard his faltering steps upon the stairs—

she heard him move slowly about upon the floor above. Breakfast was on the table when he came down. He was not crying, but his face was deadly pale.

"I couldn't eat," he said, "and so I'd better go now. You've been very good to me, Aunt—Miss Pamela, and I thank you. Would you—tell me good-bye?"

"Good-bye," she said, but she turned away! She would not look into his eyes.

Oh! the dreary length of that summer morning. Miss Pamela swept and garnished her already spotless rooms; she pulled weeds from the flower-bed, and gathered a huge basket of early-ripe cherries. On her noon-day visit to the stable she discovered that old Susie had cast a shoe.

"I'll drive to town and have it set!" she thought, glad in her heart of anything to fill the dragging hours. "I'll harness the colt into the chaise, and tie Susie behind. Then I can drive on and see Lavina Maynard while the shoe's bein' set."

In the early afternoon the little procession filed along the familiar road—the "colt" inclined to some playful prancing, which Miss Pamela's firm hand kept in check, and Susie trotting staidly in the rear.

All went well until they reached the railway crossing. For once Miss Pamela forgot to look for the red flag, and in one dreadful moment the in-coming train thundered over the bridge above her head. Vain, now, was the strong hand and tight rein. Susie had broken bridle, and the young, terrified animal in front rushed with distended nostrils and foaming mouth down the stony road. The chaise lurched from side to side. Each moment doubled the danger as they approached the descent of the long hill.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner!" groaned Miss Pamela, and, at that supreme moment, there came to her those other words, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, how shall your Heavenly Father forgive you?" "Ye that are strong, bear the infirmities of the weak."

What slender, boyish form was that which sprang up from among the tangled vines by the wayside and planted itself in the path of the frantic beast?

The horse swerved, reared, but with a sure leap the boy caught the bridle-rein, and struggled with the brute that dragged and trampled him. Miss Pamela leaped from the chaise, falling, bruised but not disabled, upon the ground. The horse, with the wrecked chaise behind him, went crashing down the slope. The boy lay where he had fallen when the cruel hoof struck his breast. Miss Pamela sank beside him in the dust and took him in her arms. The pretty, curly locks were dabbled with blood; it trickled in a sluggish stream over his white face. One great, dry sob broke in her

throat, but he did not hear it. His lips moved. She bent her ear close.

"Forgive me," he whispered.

"Forgive you? O my darling! my darling!"

A light shone through the film already gathering over the beautiful eyes.

"I'm so—glad! I'm—goin'—to—turn—over—a—new—"

Ah, blessed Jock! The new leaf was turned at last!

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

EDWARD'S DREAM.

WANT of reflection, rather than a purpose to give trouble and do wrong, was the fault of Edward Martin. This, it is but just that we should say in favor of a lad who was, to his poor widowed mother, a daily source of trial.

Edward never seemed to think of others; or, we should say, how his conduct would affect others. Reckless, impulsive, and noisy, he kept all in excitement around him. His appearance at home, after school, was always the beginning of disorder, or the signal for trouble. He could not pass his younger brothers or sisters without putting his hand upon them in an improper manner; nor could he see them enjoying themselves at play without some kind of interference.

Thus Edward made himself the disturber of the household.

As we have said he was a great trial to his poor mother, whose health was feeble, and who, in order to keep her children around her, toiled daily beyond her strength.

One afternoon Edward came dashing into the house, in his usual boisterous manner, slamming the door behind him with a loud jar and rattling and stamping up the stairs with a noise that resembled more the trampling of a horse than anything else. At the landing above, he met his brother Harry, whom he saluted with a pinch on the ear, and set the little fellow to screaming violently. As he entered the sitting-room he deliberately kicked over a house which Charley had just built with patient ingenuity out of some blocks which had been given to him; and, seizing Anna's doll, he threw it roughly to the top of a clothes press.

The consequence was, that all three of the children were set to crying.

"Edward!" A feeble voice called to the lad from the adjoining room. It was the voice of his mother.

Knowing that he would be reproved for his conduct, Edward did not obey the call, and waited for it to be repeated three or four times before answering his mother.

"What do you want?" came then, rudely and undutifully, from his lips.

"I want you." There was something unusual

in the tone of Mrs. Martin's voice. It was not angry nor reproving, but low and very sad.

Edward felt, instantly, sorry for what he had done, and spoke a few soothing words to his brothers and sister, though with little effect. Then he went in to his mother's chamber. He found her lying upon her bed, and looking very pale and troubled.

"The children were quiet and happy until you came in, Edward."

There was, to the ear of the boy, a still deeper sadness in his mother's voice. He did not attempt to excuse himself, for he felt that he had done wrong—but stood silent, with his eyes upon the floor.

"Edward," resumed Mrs. Martin, "it is not very long that I have to stay with you. When I am dead, you will remember the pain you gave your mother, and this will be a sad recollection."

The mother's voice trembled; then she burst into tears and hid her face in the pillow.

Edward's feelings were touched. He stood, for a few moments, near his mother, and then slowly moved away. He felt sorry for what he had done. Passing through the adjoining room, he went up to the garret, where he slept at night, and with a sigh laid himself across his bed. He seemed to have been lying there only a few minutes, when he was surprised by the entrance of a stranger, who said to him, abruptly:

"Your mother is dead!"

Starting up, Edward ran down-stairs, where he met a crowd of persons going into the chamber he had just left. He followed. One glance at the pale, death-stricken face of his mother sufficed.

Uttering a cry of grief, the unhappy boy threw himself beside the lifeless form of his parent. Oh! what a crowd of rebuking memories now thronged through his mind! Every unkind act and word came up before him, and they filled his heart with unutterable, yet unavailing grief. She who had so loved him and so suffered through his unkindness, had passed away. He would see her no more—would never again hear her loving voice. What would he not then have given to be able to recall the past?

"O my mother! my mother!" he cried. "Come back! come back to me! I will never grieve you again!"

Suddenly there was a change. A light seemed to break around him. He started up and found himself in his garret room, with the last rays of the setting sun looking in upon him.

"Was it only a dream?" he murmured, as his panting breast rose and fell and he gazed doubtfully around him. "Was it only a dream or is my mother really dead?"

Not until he had hurried down to his mother's room and looked upon her living face, was Edward fully satisfied that he had been asleep. She lay

in a quiet slumber; but there were tears upon her pale cheeks. A little while he stood bending over her, and then, obeying the impulse of his heart, he awakened her with a fervent kiss.

"I will try to be good, mother; indeed I will," came earnestly from his lips.

"Only try, my son," said the mother, while a glow of pleasure warmed her heart. "Only try, my son, and we shall all be so happy."

"I will, I will," promised the penitent and weeping boy.

And since that time, the thoughtless Edward Martin has been one of the kindest of brothers and most obedient of sons.

THE MINNESINGERS.

GREAT as have been the changes in customs and manners—partly, doubtless, because of the greatness of the changes—we find retrospective glimpses of life and its ways in the olden time full of fascinating interest. Among the most interesting of the old records are the lives of the minstrel-poets, those wandering children of song who went from place to place chanting their lays and dreaming their dreams of beauty, love, and chivalry. Their lives were full of romantic adventure, and while we may smile a little over the depth of their romantic fervor, our smiles are touched with tenderness, for in all our hearts still lurk germs, possessed of more or less vitality, of the seed of romance.

Perhaps no country has been more favored in her minstrelsy than Germany. Her children have ever seemed capable of a self-forgetful and enthusiastic devotion to the arts which rendered the pursuit of poetry or music successful in an eminent degree. In the minstrels called minnesingers, we find the earliest lyric poets of Germany. They were men of genius, whose poems were possessed of almost matchless grace and beauty, and were called minnesingers from the word *minne*—or love—for the chief theme which thrilled their hearts and touched their lips with words of sweetest inspiration was the theme of love.

Their poems were full of delicate sentiment and grace of diction, and were perfect in rhythmic beauty and structure. Although love was the first, and, it might be said, almost the sole subject of their melodies, there were also songs composed in memory of public or private occasions of interest; songs of lamentation and of joy, and those commemorating heroic deeds.

The minnesingers, of whom Frederick Barbarossa is regarded as the father, included among their number men descended from noble houses, as well as those from the humbler classes. Emperors, princes, nobles, and knights were to be

found in this great vocal band. As scarcely any among them could write, it was inevitable that very many of the songs should be lost, for their transmission could be only through verbal tradition; yet, notwithstanding this, there still remain songs from one hundred and fifty known composers, and quite a large collection by unknown authors.

The composers recited or sang their poems to their own accompaniment upon the viol. The singers traveled from village to village, everywhere meeting with a glad welcome, and accepting with an apparent proud indifference the remuneration offered in return for their melodies. Sometimes the songs were taught to other wandering minstrels, who then carried them from castle to castle and from town to town, passing, at times, even beyond the boundaries of their own country. Frequently, the poet would teach some of his melodies to a page, who was then sent, a sort of living message, to sing them in the ear of the lady-love which all true knights must possess.

Among the most celebrated of the minnesingers were Wolfram von Eschenbach, Henry von Ofterdingen, Hartman von der Aue, Hagenau, Gottfried von Strasburg, Otto von Botenlauben, Truchsess von St. Gall, Ulrich von Lichtenstein, Walther von der Vogelweide, etc. Strange and romantic, indeed, were the lives of these men; wandering and singing; armed with, perhaps, their sword, their fiddle or harp, and a bit of ribbon or some other little token from their sweethearts; giving their lives to poetry and music and seeking occasions to prove their valor and their devotion to the honor and glory of the ladies of their choice.

The life of Ulrich von Lichtenstein was illustrative of the "tricks and manners" of the age in which he lived, although carried to an extreme which was unusual—an extreme so great that it is thought his verses, which in "grace and exquisite finish" were excelled by none, have not received their due appraisal. When he was a boy of five he had already become convinced, by listening to the conversation of his elders, that happiness and honor were to be found only by choosing and serving faithfully some beautiful woman and loving her as one's own life.

At the age of twelve, the youthful aspirant for what he conceived to be the highest honors, made his selection of the lady whom he was to serve. She was a lady of high degree, a princess, to whom he was at that time page. For the next five years he worshiped her with silent devotion, his youthful ardor finding sufficient delight if her hand but touched the flowers he gathered. When he succeeded in securing the bowl from the table in which her dainty fingers had been dipped and could carry it off to his room and drink the contents, he was in ecstasy.

When Ulrich was seventeen he was placed with the Margrave, Henry of Austria, to learn all knightly

accomplishments—fighting, riding, composing sweet poems, singing and serving the ladies. When admitted into the ranks of knighthood he still vowed in his heart fealty to the lady whom he had already chosen, and sallied forth in quest of adventures and bore himself valiantly for her sake. But the zealous young knight was but a man, after all, and could not be content to ever give his faithful service unknown, unrecognized, and unrewarded. He longed for his lady-love to be made aware of his devotion and of his readiness to break any number of lances in her honor. He therefore taught a niece a song he had composed in the lady's praise; and she was instructed that at the time she delivered the song she was to sound the heart of the princess in regard to her sentiments toward her adorer. Poor von Lichtenstein was doomed to bear a bitter disappointment when his niece returned from this mission; for, while the princess pronounced the song to be worthy of praise, his love, she said, had flown too high; and even if it were possible for her to forget her rank, she would be unable to forget the ugliness of her suitor's lips. The knight, it seemed, had a sort of double under lip, to which the fair lady was fain to make objection. Ulrich, however, but found it an occasion to show how willing he was to suffer for his fair one. He immediately summoned a surgeon and had the offending member cut off, an operation which cost him several weeks' illness.

Thus commenced his avowed career of devotion to a lady who was ever capricious and disdainful; quite willing to accept all his service, but averse to according him any favor in return. The faithful knight, however, continued to seek and to enter upon all manner of mad adventures, to prove his devotedness. At a festival, at which he distinguished himself by his feats of skill and courage, he had one of his fingers nearly cut off. His hard-hearted Dulcinea, when he sent her word of this event, professed to disbelieve it, whereupon he had the finger entirely cut off, inclosed it with some verses in a velvet case, and dispatched it to the doubting fair one, who remarked, with some reason, it would seem, that she did not think a sensible man would do such a thing.

While our poet was passing through various experiences of fluctuating hope through the caprices of his sovereign lady, he had a haven of rest in weariness, discouragement, or illness, for he had married a lady who appears to have been a very faithful wife to him. His duties as the devoted knight of the princess of high degree had not interfered with his enjoying the pleasures and cares and comforts of home life with his "dearest spouse" and their children.

For many years von Lichtenstein bore the caprices of his unimpressible princess; and would probably have remained a model of

knightly constancy, in spite of her coldness, had not her highness accepted another lover. After this event the deposed knight spent a season in satirizing in rhythmical railing the falseness and faithlessness of woman; then he bethought himself to seek a new divinity and find consolation in laying his deeds of prowess at a new shrine.

The second choice proved a more satisfactory one, for the lady was very gracious and deigned to be pleased with her adorer. This being the case, he felt himself in duty bound to exceed all his former exploits of valor and devotion. In pursuance of this determination, he found himself sometimes in trouble; once, even, he was imprisoned, but his faithful "spouse" procured his release, and once more he was free to seek new fields of adventure. Thus he passed a long life of about seventy-five years. How full of excitement and unrest such a life must have been!

The lives of the most of the minstrels were, however, less adventurously extreme; and, while their devotion to their ideal love partook less of extravagance, it held more of dignity. The minnesingers lived and dreamed and sang during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, during the rule of the chivalric Fredericks, who permitted a freedom of speech and action which was lost when the Church succeeded in re-establishing her influence over Germany. Then the days of the glory of the minnesingers departed; and in place of the light-some songs of chivalry and love there were hymns and paraphrases of Scripture, and legends given to the world by the monks.

MARY FERGUSON.

THE PROMISE.

WHAT words in all God's promises
Hold balm for weary hearts, like these,
In which we hear our Father say
That He will wipe all tears away?

Our griefs and troubles bow us down,
We bear the cross, forget the crown,
Then suddenly, remembering, say,
"God's hand will wipe all tears away."

No tears in Heaven! O blissful thought!
O promise with sweet comfort fraught!
Here, be our trials what they may,
There, God will wipe all tears away.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

EARLY childhood, as nature intended, should be free from all care. Children are born "heirs of the earth and skies," and all that comes to them is received without question or wonder. But, as they develop into maturity, they should be gradually taken into the confidence of the parents and made partners in the family interests.

MAY FLOWERS.

WHEN the first warm days of spring appear, as the fair princess, the earth, awakes from her winter sleep at the kiss of her lover, the sun, long before the last snow-drift has disappeared in the valley or the cows have been turned out to pasture to gather the sweet juices of the early season, the trailing arbutus, so often called May flower, is found peeping up into light. It is the first greeting that the spring gives us. Those who have gathered the delicate blossoms will remember the sunny spots strewn with pine needles and daintily set off with their glossy leaves. Yet its habitats are provokingly uncertain. You may find it on a sterile knoll by some country roadside, on the rocky hillsides of some pasture, and I know a place where it comes earliest—by the border of a sled-path in the midst of a wooded swamp. There you will find this darling of the springtime in rich, fragrant clusters, some pale as lilies and others touched with the loveliest pink.

"Dainty, fresh, and sweet and wild,
Nature's perfect forest child!
Tell me, pretty, clear-eyed one—
Blossom born of snow and sun—
Tell me 'mid clefted rocks,
Sheltered from the storm's rude shocks,
Or beneath the dark pine's shade,
When the withered leaves are laid,
Trailing through the mosses low,
Hast thou caught thy starry glow?
Like a nun in festal dress,
Shrinking from the world's caress,
Hiding beauty sweet and shy,
From the careless passer by,
Till, like incense faint and rare,
Steals thy perfume on the air,
Breathing of some purer state,
Teaching restless souls to wait
For that springtime of the heart
Born of gloom and sorrow's smart."

How the first May flowers must have cheered the hearts of the Pilgrim fathers after that dreary winter at Plymouth! Their trailing pink and snowy bloom is intertwined with many an unwritten story of those days of hardships and adventure, when the arrow and tomahawk made doubly welcome these sweet scented visitants in a strange land. They must have been blooming fair and odorous in the warm, sunny spaces around the cabins, and away deep in the pine forest at the right and left, which stretched away behind the infant settlement in leagues of wilderness, full of perils from wild beast and murderous Indian, in that early spring day when Samoset stood in the village in savage gear, shouting his greeting, "Welcome, Englishmen." By that time there were maples in bloom, outlining themselves like trees on fire; and many willows and poplars were hanging

ing out their catkins like caterpillars, like tufts of gray wool, like soft, furry pussies, or, all in golden green, dropping dust of gold.

Pleasanter greeting to those path-finders of old time were those pink-and-white blossoms lifting themselves up through the slush and lingering drifts than even the friendly voice of the Indian sagamore. In a sense, it was the greeting of the new land to the strangers, and offered some sort of comprehension for what they had left behind in old England—the primroses, hyacinths, eglantines, and all those fair flowerets which Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Spencer have celebrated in their verse. We can imagine the Puritan children brushing away the dry leaves in many a hidden recess, and gathering at their wills the fragrant offering, or the dainty nosegay, which their mothers—those stiff old-fashioned dames in their gros-grain gowns, stamen petticoats, kerchiefs, and coifs—placed in their quaint mugs or pitchers of Delft, to set when the homely rooms would be made pleasanter for their sweetness and bloom.

And the Pilgrim daughters, sweet Mary Chilton, and graceful Priscilla Mullins, the heroine of Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," doubtless as maidens do now, wore the pretty things on their bosoms or in their hair. It is pleasant to think of this bit of beauty in their hard, prosaic lives, and the flowers, "modest and sweet," as the poet says, are excellent types of Puritan maidens. Doubtless, Priscilla many a time brought in the "Puritan flowers," to shed sweetness in the home of John Alden, whose "May flower" she was, and when she spun, like the "beautiful Bertha, the queen of Helvetia," choicest picture that we have of those old primitive days.

On the hillside of Plymouth, to-day, one will find the fragrant clusters growing where they grew two hundred years ago. They have left indeed the sunny places in the first clearing, when the two lines of log houses were built, now Leyden Street, but beyond among the summery knolls, and on Burying Hill, sloping down to the blue sea, where once rode the Mayflower, you may still pluck the tenderly tinted, sweet-lipped arbutus, as thrifty and as beautiful as those that blossomed on Rose Standish's grave.

What gives or robs these flowers of their rosy flushes it is difficult to tell. It is certainly not locality; for often, in little patches almost to be reached by the hand, one will find the pure white and the far prettier pink side by side.

The arbutus is not the only May flower that we have. Cold and backward as the season often is with us in New England, spring is at work under the thawing ground, reaching up her fairy fingers of tender green. Close by that sunny nook in the swamp where the earliest arbutus was found, there were other treasures glinting upward, a

whole museum of rare things coming out fresh and moist from their chill bath of melted snow. All along the emerald sward, hiding its delicate beauty under the trees, the anemone, emblem of frailty, unfolds its sensitive petals to the light breeze.

There are traditions about this flower, and traditions are always fascinating. According to the old Greek story, Anemone was a nymph beloved by Zephyr, the west wind. The goddess Flora, being jealous, banished the maiden from her court and changed her into a flower, which always opens at the return of spring. Zephyr had abandoned the unfortunate beauty to the rude caresses of Boreas, who, unable to gain her love, agitates her until her blossoms are half open, and then causes her immediately to fade.

"Fair, short-lived blossom, ere thou see'st the seen,
Rude winds chill all the life-blood at thy heart.
Most fitting type of transient beauty's reign,
Where'er the fairest play so short a part."

An ancient writer also tells us that it was an old-time superstition to gather the first anemones seen, as a charm against diseases, particularly those that affected the liver. One must, however, at the same time repeat these words:

"I gather thee for a remedy against sickness."

The blossoms were then wrapped in a scarlet cloth and devoutly laid aside, unless some indisposition caused it to be brought forth and hung around the sufferer's neck or tied about his arm.

The hepatica, a near cousin, is also found adjoining our forests in early spring; leaves leathery, dark green on the upper side, liver-brown on the lower; flowers numerous, of all shades of white and bluish purple. Both the anemone and the hepatica are allied to the clematids, hellebores, actæas, and crowfoots, with which they form the forty-one genera of ranunculaceæ. Fleeting as are their blossoms, they are strong, hardy plants, thriving where many others would perish.

Before the anemone, often before the arbutus, the white flowers of the saxifrage may be seen peeping daintily among the rocks, looking barbaric and ornate as an Eastern pagoda in the fresh, May morning. Then follow almost countless flowery treasures—early violets, the crocus, the buckbean, and a fairy shower of the tiny houstonia, which looks at a little distance like new fallen flakes of snow. But to touch upon the violet and all its graceful sisterhood would seem like giving to May the most ethical beauty of the year. She has quite enough when she has her own, quite enough, indeed, if only the arbutus were the single gift she gave to us—fair enough to be our national flower, if loveliness were a claim to such distinction, and sweetest May flower of all, with its quaint, Puritan memories and its Puritan grace and sweetness.

H. M. G.

HOW TO DRESS BECOMINGLY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

BREADTH AND HEIGHT.

ADUE regard to one's breadth and height seems almost as important, in order to dress becomingly, as the consideration of color; and yet, how seldom this fact appears to be borne in mind. If fashion has decreed voluminous drapery, short, thick-set figures will array themselves to look more like unwieldy bundles than ever; while a change to the opposite extreme displays the most attenuated frames with garments drawn tightly over them.

There are, of course, exceptions to be found with both extremes; for some women know how to dress themselves, in spite of Nature's inconvenient freaks, and are equally happy in this respect, whether burdened with too much flesh or too much bone.

Nellie S——, for instance, has a dumpy figure, a muddy, brunette complexion, and no particular features. Her head and face are decidedly large for her height—she is barely five feet—the latter is broad and full, and her chin is rather long. This seems, at first sound, a catalogue of defects; but Miss Nellie is by no means consigned to the ranks of the plain ones. Sometimes she has, by way of set-off, a rich pomegranate color that turns the deep-set eyes into black diamonds and makes the white teeth look whiter than ever; her shoulders and bust are quite shapely and her carriage perfect; her dark hair is abundant and inclined to curl. Her feet are very "nice," and always beautifully dressed; her hands plump and dimpled, though not very small nor particularly white.

Now how does this young person manage herself in the way of dress? She lives in the country—quite an aristocratic little place it is, at a "convenient" distance from the city, and she and her mother and two small brothers make up the household of the pretty cottage. Everything is very comfortable there, but a moderate economy, which makes no one uncomfortable, is practiced, and but one servant is kept as a general thing. Various household duties, therefore, devolve on Nellie, who accomplishes them all in the deftest manner, looking nicely dressed all the while. The way she does it, is this:

Every three months Mrs. S—— hands her daughter fifty dollars, sometimes saying, with a smile, "When the Prince comes, dear, it will be five hundred." But Nellie laughs and says she is no hurry for the Prince; and then she and her mother sit down and "take account of stock." The fifty dollars is not spent without much deliberation. "How are the boots and slippers and gloves?" is the first question, for these must be faultless even if other things fall short.

Nellie's "crack" dress at present is a navy-blue silk, made princess shape—for she carefully avoids things that cut her in two—somewhat scantily trimmed with itself, and having a square neck, which can be closed up for the street. When meant to be "dressy," the square is filled in with the softest lace and the dress is fastened

with pink coral buttons, while a heart and earrings of the same complete the ornaments. This set of coral was bought in Florence by a friend, and it was the united contributions of the family—a well-to-do aunt, in the city, included—as a Christmas present. The ear-rings and heart are partly covered with and set in an exquisite filigree work of gold in a light design, and the heart is, of course, worn on a band of black velvet at the throat.

The Spanish rose below the left ear is a favorite addition with Miss Nellie when it can be had, and her hair is always drawn up to the crown of her head to increase her height.

Next winter the navy-blue silk will be somewhat altered and a new "best" dress purchased, if funds hold out. The favorite breakfast and house dress is a garnet-colored merino, with the very narrowest of neck ruffles—if any—because visible ruffles are very unbecoming to short, stumpy figures. A narrow, turned-down collar is better, and here Nellie wisely avoids *linen*, as trying to a thick complexion, whenever it is possible to do so.

In summer the coral ornaments are charming with a white organdy dress, or one of black grenadine, that is sure to have white lace around the throat. Miss Nellie does a great deal of visiting, both in city and country, and if not the most richly dressed young lady present she is usually the *best* dressed. She always looks smiling and contented with herself, though not aggressively so, and she is welcomed everywhere—being pronounced "charming" and "stylish" and, sometimes, even handsome. An exquisite neatness and freshness, that pervades everything she wears, is one of her greatest attractions.

Poor Mrs. L. who looks like an exaggerated caricature, but beaming with good nature. A great, square figure, with mountains of flesh on it, but without any roundness, she seems to lumber along, and to be animated with a desire to make the most of her size. She affects light gray silks and light gray traveling dresses; she says that "gray is such an unobtrusive color, it seems to be made on purpose for her." With the same idea, she arrays herself in white; black she appears to avoid on principle. She has one black silk dress, very rich and handsome, in which she makes quite a respectable appearance, but she declares that she hasn't a dress in which she feels so uncomfortable.

"Large hats with plumes may do very well for slender people," she remarks, with a Minerva-like air, "but the less I put on the better." To carry out this theory she was struggling with a small sailor hat that seemed a very inconsequent ending to so formidable a person, and that refused to stay properly on her head during the prevalence of seashore zephyrs.

Her waist is tightly girded with a belt, which displays its flat shape, and to make matters worse the girdle is invariably black instead of being of the same color as the dress, and if there happens to be a fashion of conspicuously ornamented ones she is sure to adopt it, because, she says, people

look at the belt then instead of looking at the size of one's waist.

Mrs. L. is amiably impervious to all suggestions, and the only hope of improving her is to take her sometime in her sleep and dress her as she *should* be dressed to show her the difference between what might be and what is.

It must be admitted that a thin, scrawny figure is much more manageable than a stout one, as it is easier to add than to subtract in such cases. Miss D., who is called "so very ladylike" and who always looks well-dressed, has the good sense to eschew plain corsets and to appear always in puffed or plaited waists, which kindly conceal sharp shoulder-blades and flat chests and give a look of roundness to the figure. Her sandy hair, too, is made the most of in regard to the sharp features as well as to itself; it is neither frizzed nor brushed plainly back, but it is gracefully disposed in large, loose waves that have a very softening effect and look easy and natural. It

droops in the back of the neck and is prettily caught up below the crown with an ivory comb. For Miss D. is lengthened sweetness long drawn out, and finds it advisable to diminish her apparent height. The result is something wonderful, considering the materials.

On general principles, a bright-colored bow or flower on the head or neck of a tall figure increases the apparent height. This is because the eye is involuntarily led to the highest part; but had there been nothing there of a conspicuous character, the glance of the observer would not have lingered there and thus have impressed the mind with a sense of unusual height.

"A shortening effect is produced by putting the color that is most likely to catch the eye lower down, and, on the other hand, a lengthening effect is produced by putting the color which is most likely to attract uppermost. This *ruse* can often be practiced in order to direct the attention from any part we do not desire to be noticed."

Mother's Department.

MRS. CLIFFORD'S MISTAKE.

"O DEAR!"

It was a sigh of weariness, and poor, tired Mrs. Clifford sank for a moment into a luxurious easy-chair. Perhaps I should not say "poor." Her husband was called by his friends "comfortably well off." Tired, she certainly was. From dawn till dark her feet must be in every place, her hands must toil and toil that there be no creak nor jar in the household machinery. Kitchen girls she had tried, but they only brought extra care, she said, and she was glad to be independent. To-day had been unusually busy and the parlor had been left undusted till afternoon. That was why she had happened in while her daughter's city friends were there.

Of course she had hastily retreated. Close by the door stood that inviting chair, and for once Mrs. Clifford yielded to her longing for rest. She could hear the gay voices in the other room, but took no notice of them till Izzie exclaimed, lightly:

"Oh! that was only the woman who works for us. She did not know any one was here. What were you saying about the bride, Madge?"

And then the talk flowed on as before, broken now and then by a ripple of laughter. Mrs. Clifford heard no more. She forgot her pain and weariness; she forgot the pile of sewing awaiting her in another room. Like a flash her mind traveled back nearly a score of years. Izzie and Reba were babies again and she was a proud young mother. Her husband's means were limited, but they must wear the finest embroideries, and by denying herself every luxury and many comforts she could keep them clothed as she wished. They were early given the nicest tit-bits at the table and what wonder if they soon looked upon mother's share of good things as their own? They were pretty children, and as they grew older she prided herself upon keeping them daintily dressed.

To be sure this involved sacrifice on her part. She had loved books, but it took so much time to read these must be given up, "for the children's sake." She must sit up late nights to sew; she must wear her cloak the third winter and have her best dress made over once more, in order that Izzie might have that charming hat with plumes or Reba the bead trimming she so much desired.

Did they help about the work? Oh! no. At first she could not bear to have them soiling their clothes in the kitchen, besides hindering her. Later, they were too busy with studies or practice or some rehearsal.

By the time they reached young girlhood, her husband's income warranted the best teachers, and they, being quick and bright, did credit to their instructors. His income also warranted her many hours of leisure; but alas! so long had she lived "for the children" that it seemed impossible to make any change. Nobody could do up the muslins or prepare food like mother.

Her husband had long since ceased to look to her for intellectual companionship. It was the girls, with whom he talked science and politics. When he wanted music they played and sang. If he went to a lecture or concert they accompanied him. Her own mission seemed fulfilled in a well-cooked meal or nicely ironed shirt.

What a mistake she had made! It rushed upon her now, as she sank back into the easy-chair with those words ringing all sorts of changes over and over in her ears: "The woman who works for us! the woman who works for us!"

But the callers must have gone. The outer door has opened and shut, and hark! the girls are talking again. It is Reba's voice:

"O Izzie! how could you?"

"I know it was perfectly awful, but what could I do? If mother would only dress decently and get used to society we should not have to be ashamed of her when any one comes. It's all her own fault."

Ashamed of her! The children who had cost her so many wakeful nights, so many anxious thoughts, ashamed of her!

Mrs. Clifford arose mechanically and went to her room. There she did something very unusual for her. She spent at least five minutes gazing at her own reflection in the glass. Not a prepossessing figure, certainly. Her dress, a plain calico, guiltless of even a collar; her hair combed straight back, twisted in the smallest possible knot at the back of her head, and the face—could that be the face that had once been called beautiful? No wonder the woman heaved a sigh, as she saw how faded and wrinkled it had become.

As she gazed a resolute look came into the gray eyes.

"Ashamed of me, and my own fault! They shall never have occasion to say that again."

A quick knock sounded at her door.

"O mother! Miss Tebbits has sent home my polonaise, and the trimming is all wrong. Won't you change it to-night? I must have it to wear to Mattie Dyer's to-morrow, you know."

Mrs. Clifford dared not trust herself to face the girl.

"You will have time to change it yourself, Reba. I am going to the lecture, and some one must remain at home."

There was a moment of amazed silence, then retreating footsteps. Afterward she heard Reba's surprised, "What do you think will happen next? Mother's going to the lecture!"

Mr. Clifford, when he came home, was no less surprised than his daughters had been, but there was a pleased look on his face it did her good to see.

Still, her heart almost failed her when she came to review her scanty wardrobe. The black silk was still good, though a little old-fashioned. But her bonnet and gloves and that cloak! No, she could not mortify her husband by wearing them. She must stay at home.

A rustle outside of her door, a tap, and the two girls fluttered in.

"Now, mother, we are just going to fix you ourselves. Sit right down and let me arrange your hair while Izzie puts that dark plume on her bonnet in place of the bright one. My cashmere shawl is exactly what you want, and her gloves will fit you to a T. How the girls will open their eyes when they see what a handsome mother we've got!"

And Mrs. Clifford could scarcely keep the tears from falling as she thought: "It was my own fault. They have been thoughtless and selfish only because I taught them to be."

Ready at last. The carriage had not yet come, and they waited for a moment in the hall—she and her husband. How the old girlish blushes would come as he stooped and kissed her! Then he softly whispered:

"You look just as you did twenty years ago, Mary. I'm so glad to have my little wife back again."

I need not add that the evening was a thoroughly enjoyable one.

Next morning there was a council of three in the back parlor. Mrs. Clifford stated that she must have more time for society and mental improvement. She could hire help, but it would be better for all concerned for Izzie and Reba to learn something of housekeeping.

Izzie held up her fair white hands and asked

how they would look playing the piano, covered with scars and potato stains. Reba didn't see how they could possibly find time, they had so much to do already.

Mrs. Clifford stood firm, and the council ended in the kitchen with the two girls washing the breakfast dishes.

During the next few weeks there were some merry times in that kitchen, but more trying ones. Reba would be elated beyond measure over a well-browned loaf of bread, while Izzie was in despair over a well-browned shirt-bosom. Izzie displayed with pride the shining silver her hands had polished, while Reba hid the shining napkins over which she had upset the gravy boat. Such is the inconsistency of kitchen perfection.

More than once the mother felt like abandoning her plans. It would be so much easier to do it all herself. But she possessed the gift of perseverance, and after awhile the household machinery moved on as smoothly as ever, and much more easily now that there were six hands instead of two to turn the wheels. Parlor company no longer wondered where the mother was, and the daughters grew more delighted every day with her whose acquaintance they were just forming.

One day Mrs. Clifford had a sick headache. Three months before she could not have afforded the luxury of a sick day. Now she could dismiss all care—for a season at least. I will not say she did not feel some anxiety when she learned at noon that her husband had brought a "business friend from the West" home to dinner. But everything went on as well as if she had presided. The girls had been as apt pupils in the kitchen as at school.

Mr. Taft, the business friend, was a young man. He was cultured and wealthy, but he had some very old-fashioned notions about young women being unfit to preside over homes of their own before learning something of housework. He enjoyed Izzie's singing and praised her painting, but he afterward declared it was her cooking that first attracted him. At any rate, business obliged him to visit Carlisle very frequently after that, and at last he carried Izzie back to be the queen of his Western home.

Reba still lives with her parents. She says no one can persuade her to leave such a dear father and mother. Rumor reports that a certain parsonage will soon receive her. However that may be, Mrs. Clifford rejoices that she discovered her mistake in time to rectify it in some degree.

JULIA A. TIRRELL.

It is an old and often-repeated expression that a wise mother wins her children's confidence. It may be doubted whether a child's confidence can be won by a mother who has not had it from the first days of her baby's conscious life. There is danger of her wisdom coming too late. The wise and thoughtful mother lives in her child's life, thinks his thoughts, feels with him, and so no great effort is needed on his part to explain his state of mind. When your boy is old enough to go to school, where, as Emerson says, the playground educates him, any evil tendencies formed there will be far better understood and eradicated by a mother whose child has from infancy fostered the habit of "coming to mother for everything."

—Babyhood.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

MOLLIE'S WILLFULNESS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"I WOULD like to go over to the lake and hunt for goose-eggs," thought little Mollie Maynard, one bright June morning as she stood just outside the door of her home in the southwestern part of Nebraska.

She was just ready to help her brother Tom to turn the cattle from the corral to the grazing grounds, for people in that part of the country raise large herds as well as vast fields of grain, but in many places they have no fences, excepting around the inclosure called the "corral," and these are made of barbed wire. (How many of my little readers in the Eastern States have ever seen a barbed-wire fence? If any of those who have not have any curiosity in regard to it, send me a line and I will give you a description.) The cattle are driven out upon the open prairie, where they graze all day and are brought home and corraled at night.

Mollie used to go with her brother to herd the flock and, although she was but nine years of age, she could saddle her own pony and ride with all the grace and ease of an Indian, and I wish you could have seen her, riding hither and thither, darting to the right or left at a mad gallop while her rosy cheeks glowed with health and her black eyes sparkled with happiness. But she had a little spice of willfulness in her disposition, and when she wanted very much to do anything she did not always stop to ask permission, especially when she had her doubts about getting it. On this particular morning she stood watching the flight of wild geese, ducks, and prairie-chickens, as they went sailing away through the blue sky, and thinking how much nicer it would be to go off hunting for the eggs of the wild fowls than herding cattle upon the prairie all day. She felt sure that there must be lots of eggs along the lake shore, among the grass and reeds, for she had seen hundreds and hundreds of ducks and geese flying over there, and if she could only get away she felt certain that she could find plenty of them. It would be of no use to mention it to her parents, however, for they would only say, "Why, no, Mollie, you must not think of such a thing," but then mothers could never see the use of anything except herding cattle and milking and churning and such things!

Her father had sold a pair of wild geese to a stranger, who was passing through the country, for five dollars, and if she could find some eggs they could be hatched under a hen and she could get ever so much money for them, although she didn't know exactly what she wanted of money, she had everything that she really needed excepting a parasol. She had three calico dresses and a pair of shoes to wear in cold weather, and she didn't care for jewelry; squaws wore ear-rings and bracelets. But her aunt, living in Iowa, had sent her a specimen copy of a young people's paper, and if she got money for the geese, she could subscribe for it and have it to read when she was out on the prairie, and having decided what

could be done with the money, she determined to go.

"Tom," she said, confidentially, "I would like to go over to the lake and hunt for goose-eggs."

"Pshaw! Mollie, you couldn't find any, and there wouldn't be any use of your going; you are always getting up some project, I never saw such a girl," said Tom, impatiently.

"It's precious little you know about girls, anyway; they're as smart as boys, any time," answered Mollie, indignantly; but it was plain that her enterprise would meet with no encouragement from him, so she rode silently out to the grazing ground, and, as soon as the cattle had begun to feed quietly upon the tender pasturage, Tom tied his pony to a stake with a long rope, took a paper from his pocket, sat down upon the top of a hill, where he could watch the herd, and turn them back if they began to stray off toward the fields, and began to read.

Mollie noticed, with silent satisfaction, that his back was turned toward the lake, and she rode slowly away, without attracting his attention, until she was out of sight behind a hill, then she started off on a swift gallop, and before he was through with his story, she was beyond recall.

She found a well-worn path leading toward the lake and followed it until she came to the border of timber, about half a mile in width, which surrounded the water. She passed through the timber, following the shaded path to the sandy shore, and paused upon the brink to let the pony take a drink from the clear, cool waters of the lakelet.

"Oh! how nice," she said, looking across the blue sheet of water, where flocks of wild geese and ducks went sailing back and forth, while long-legged cranes waded along the shore in search of small fish and snails.

The lake was about three miles across, and with its border of white sand gleaming in the sun and the green, shadowy trees encircling the shore, it was certainly a lovely picture to contemplate.

Mollie tied the pony to a tree and began her search for eggs.

She ran about among the trees, looking behind fallen logs and bunches of weeds, but although the eggs were no doubt plenty enough, the nests were cunningly hidden and she failed to discover them.

"There's a nest, I know!" she exclaimed at length, after walking for some distance along the shore; "there's a wild goose sitting upon the top of that rat-house over yonder, but how shall I get to it?"

It was about three hundred feet from the shore, and Mollie was thinking that it might as well have been in the middle of the ocean for all the good that it was likely to do her, when she espied a boat tied to some willows growing near the water.

"Oh! how lucky!" she exclaimed, running up to the boat, which she untied and pushed away from the shore.

Mollie knew very well that her parents never allowed her to go out alone in a boat, but she was just a little headstrong and had plenty of confidence in her own ability.

The wind blew directly toward the muskrat habitation, which (if any of my young readers never saw one) I will describe in some other story if they desire it.

She knew how to steer a boat, and with the wind in her favor, she found it a very easy matter to row out to the nest.

"I knew it was all nonsense for mother to say, 'Mollie, you cannot manage a boat and you must not try;' for it's no trouble at all," she said, as she found herself moving swiftly and easily over the waters.

The old goose flew away as Mollie came up, and holding the boat firmly by the rope, she climbed up to the nest and found six eggs, which she took in her apron, and stepping back into the boat she started to go back to the shore, but she had to row against the wind this time and she pulled at the oars until she was so tired that she had to rest and still she was quite a distance from the land. She was not aware of the fact that the boat was not standing still while she was resting, until she looked up and saw the rat-house between her and the shore. She was rapidly drifting out toward the middle of the lake.

She seized the oars and pulled until her hands were blistered and her strength utterly exhausted, but it was of no use, she was not strong enough to row against the wind.

"O dear!" she said, anxiously, "I guess mother knew what she was talking about when she said that I was not strong enough to manage a boat. If I ever get out of this I will believe what she says without trying it myself; but what shall I do?"

What would you have done, my young readers? got frightened and cried and capsize the boat and drowned yourselves?

Mollie did nothing of the kind. She was frightened, to be sure, but she did the very best thing that could be done under the circumstances.

She said: "If I cannot land where I want to I will land where I can," and she took in the oars and sat flat down in the bottom of the boat and waited for it to drift across to the other side.

It seemed like a long time; the waters looked so wide and the shore so far away, and Mollie more than once wished herself back upon the prairie with Tom and the herd; but wishing did no good, and she was fully convinced that parents knew best after all, even if children could not always understand why.

But the boat reached the opposite shore at last, and she lost no time in getting out. She saw a path, which was in reality an Indian trail, and thinking that it might lead back to the place where she had tied her pony by a pleasant way, she started to follow it. After winding about among the trees for a little distance, she very unexpectedly found herself near a group of Indian lodges.

She was somewhat startled, but before she could turn back a swarm of children came crowding around her, looking at her curiously, examining her dress, and chattering like a flock of magpies.

They led her to one of the lodges and a squaw, who had been to her father's house and knew her, spread a wolf-skin upon the ground for her to sit down upon, and when she was comfortably seated, the woman began to get dinner, while Molly watched her closely, in the hope of learning some new method of cooking.

The squaw took a couple of prairie-chickens,

and digging open the embers of a fire that was burning close by, she threw them in without so much preparation as taking off the feathers, and covered them, first with ashes and then with live coals, and left them to roast.

Just then an Indian came up with a string of fish, and the squaw took two of them and put them into the fire in the same manner. Then she took some coffee, laid it upon a flat stone, pounded it until it was fine, and put it into an iron kettle to boil. She mixed some Indian-meal with water, made it out into little cakes, took another piece of stone, which looked like a large slate stone, heated it before the fire, and laid her cakes upon it to bake.

When the fish and chickens were sufficiently roasted she took them out of the ashes, scraped the scales from the fish and the burnt feathers from the chickens, put them into a large wooden bowl, placed it upon the ground, put the cakes beside it, and motioned Mollie to come and eat.

The little girl took her place with the rest of them, sitting upon the ground in a circle around the bowl.

The squaw looked at Mollie and said something, by which the child thought she meant to ask if she would have some of the chicken.

"I'll thank you for a piece of the breast, but I don't care for any of the dressing," said Mollie, a little anxiously, for in truth she did not exactly like the mode of cooking.

The squaw cut off a limb of the chicken and a piece of the fish, put it into a small wooden bowl, and placed it before Mollie. Then she took a tin cup, dipped some of the boiling coffee from the kettle, took up a large piece of maple sugar, bit off as much as she could hold in her generous mouth, and dropped it into the coffee. Then she poured in some cold water, held her finger in it to be sure that it was cool enough to drink, and then gave it to Mollie. The child was astonished at this new way of preparing coffee, but she did not dare to refuse anything which they gave her for fear of giving offense.

The family now began to eat out of the same dish, and Mollie understood that she had been given hers separately because she was a guest, and they had seen white folks eat on separate plates.

She began to eat the chicken, although, as she afterward remarked, it tasted as if it had been roasted too close to the dressing. But the coffee was hard to drink. It was bitter, and the sugar detached from the main lump by such an unheard-of method did not help her to relish it. She managed to drink of it, however, and she tried hard to avoid making wry faces as she did so.

When dinner was over she began to think of going back to Tom, for "If he has missed me he'll be mad enough by this time," she said.

"Does this trail lead to the other side of the lake?" she asked, rising and taking up her bonnet, and thinking what a long walk it would be.

The squaw did not understand the question, but she had seen Mollie coming and knew how she happened to be there, and when she understood that she wanted to go she beckoned Mollie to follow, went down to the shore, and motioned her to get into the boat.

Mollie obeyed, the squaw stepped in, took up the oars, and sent the boat skimming across the waters like a bird upon the wing.

"Oh! this is beautiful!" said Mollie as she

watched the wavelets rippling away from the prow as the sturdy strokes of the oars sent the waters foaming behind it and carried her over the clear blue basin as gently as if she had been a fairy queen.

They reached the shore near where the pony stood impatiently awaiting his mistress's return, and Mollie thanked her dusky friend for her kindness, gathered up the goose-eggs, mounted her pony, and rode back to Tom. She found him very much out of humor on account of her long absence, but when she told him of her wonderful

dinner and delightful ride across the lake, he laughed merrily, and said:

"How would you like to live with the Indians all the time, Miss Mollie? Little girls who go rambling off into places where their parents do not allow them to go may find a squaw who will like them well enough to keep them."

"I didn't think of that," said Mollie; "but I might have been drowned, and I'll never go anywhere without asking mother again."

ISADORE ROGERS.

The Home Circle.

MORE ABOUT THE "SHUT-IN SOCIETY."

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE HOME CIRCLE:—I am pleased to learn that some of you have become interested in our shut-in members; I am glad to tell you that the "Shut-in Society" is at last an organized one, with president and other officers, free to move and act as they please. Mrs. Helen E. Brown, who has been really the president and head of the Association since its birth, by the press of other duties is so no longer. We regret her loss from this position, but we still have her as one of the new officers. You will remember I told you in one of my former letters of the little invalid maiden who gave the name "shut-in" to this band of invalids. This lady is now Mrs. Conklin, and it seems beautiful and really God's will that she should be chosen President of its large and steadily increasing membership. How wonderful and wisely—yes, very tenderly—has our Father guided and controlled this large and interesting band of invalids, from its tiny commencement until now, when its members greet each other from every part of the United States, England, and Canada. Surely He must bless and smile on those of His children whom He has called aside into a lonely place to rest awhile with Himself; for I love to feel that in every darkened chamber, on every couch of pain and suffering, the peaceful benediction of the Lord lingers to cheer, comfort, and sustain. And how fitting it is that dear Mrs. Conklin should become the mother, as it were, of the little one she gave a name so long ago when the members were so few. I am sure not one in our large household band of brothers and sisters but will love her dearly, give her a faithful and sincere homage, our willing help and earnest prayers in her new relations to us as a shut-in society.

I am sure God must have directed and blessed the prayers of this lady when she wrote her first letters to her invalid friends in the hope of helping and cheering others. From this small beginning see how large and grand the results are. Only think of the love and sympathy that has been flowing ever since, free as water and pure as fine gold, into the hungry and thirsty hearts and shadowed homes of those suffering ones over which the Angel of Pain has so long brooded. I do not wonder that my own heart has so often longed to kiss the shadow of her image, as I in fancy see her. And I am not alone in love and faithfulness to the lady who was led by her own

heartache to institute a blessing so rich and rare to the weary invalid.

To those who scan only the surface-life of a shut-in, this praise may seem only words with no depth or meaning. But let them come within the centre of a life of pain and suffering, the sweet and patient submission, the almost Spartan endurance, the sublime self-denial which many a one has exercised for years—then they may learn how great a thing it is to suffer and be strong. And many dear sufferers living alone their heart-life without their required meed of love and sympathy seemed suddenly lifted into a higher and purer atmosphere of blessing and rest, by the forming of this shut-in band. Now all this is changed, the lonely, dreary days and nights so devoid of nearly everything which go to make a human life happy. Oh! that our Master may still stand by our couches, still glorify our homes by His gracious presence, still clasp us by the hand, and at last lead us into the happy land where we shall never more be sick.

With the opening of this organization, a new paper, in pamphlet form, is sent out as an organ of communication between officers and invalid members, "*The Open Window*, for those whom the Lord has shut in, issued in the interest of the Shut-in Society." It is under the direction of the Advisory Board; its subscription, fifty cents a year. On its cream-tinted cover are these words: "A window shalt thou make to the ark." "And the Lord shut him in."

So that you may more fully understand about this beautiful society, which is becoming a power in the land, whose avenues are leading into every form of suffering and need, seeking to assist and bless the Lord's chastened ones, I will copy from the *Open Window*, February, this statement: "The adjourned meeting of the Shut-in Society was held on January 6th, at 29 East Twenty-ninth Street, New York city. The day was stormy and a small number only were present—New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia only being represented. Letters were received from more distant associates. Mrs. Sangster took the chair in the absence of the President."

"The meeting was opened with prayer, the minutes of the last meeting presented, and unfinished business occupied attention."

"The Board now stands as follows: Mrs. J. M. D. Conklin, President; Miss E. E. Burge, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. May S. Dickinson, Edi-

trees *Open Window*; Miss Annie E. Fuller, Librarian; Mrs. E. Proudfit, Superintendent Missionary Department; Miss Jennie Cassidy, Superintendent Flower-mission Department; Mr. W. C. Mather, Superintendent Men's Department. Helping Hand Committee, Mrs. M. E. Sangster, Miss Hester Bates, Miss M. Hitchen. There are also other ladies who still hold the office of associates and with heart and hand are ever ready to assist, advise, and entertain. The *Shut in Visitor* is still published by Mrs. Kate S. Burr, and, with the books in the library, our Society has something fresh and new from the outside world, which I am sure must be highly appreciated by those who are able to read.

All friends who are not members of the Society who desire to assist in enlarging our subscription-list can have the new paper by sending word with fifty cents inclosed to the editor.

I, for one, gladly welcome the new window open to us, and trust it will be a pleasant and sunny one, through which many a weary-hearted one may catch a glimpse of wondrous love and beauty from other hearts, over which the precious in-dwelling presence of our Father's ever-sustaining goodness and wisdom is shining like a halo of glory all the time. Through its open portals we may ever have a feast of reason and a flow of soul, catch bright, fresh thoughts from those who are not shut in from social intercourse with the world. As I shut my eyes here in my humble little home, they may in fancy look through the open window and see the dear ones I have learned to love. How much of pain and suffering I see. And yet, oh! how many I know feel it

"Sweet to lie passive in His hand
And know no will but His."

and I pray that each of the dear ones may know the full, realizing sense of trusting their all, their pain and cares, in the strong, loving Hand, who ever upholds them. It will not be long.

"Beyond the stars that shine in golden glory,

Beyond the calm, sweet moon,

Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,

Soul, thou shalt venture soon.

Secure with Him who sees thy heart-sick yearning,

Safe in His arms of love,

Thou shalt exchange the midnight for the morning

And thy fair home above."

ANNIE S. BARTLETT.

STEPPING-STONES OF LIFE.

WHAT are they? All along our path they lie! There are stepping-stones to the realm of darkness, as there are also to the realm of light, and it is left for us to consider whither our footsteps shall tend, dear reader.

If it is our desire to rise higher and higher as the years speed on, one of the first stepping-stones in the winding, mazy path we tread is education. We step upon it, and new worlds open before us. From the standpoint of knowledge to which man may attain, what a field of resources and what a wide range for the exercise of his talent is unfolded before him. Education lifts us above the clouds and vapors that envelop the ignorant, and we understand more clearly our duties to each other and are encouraged to go on in the good way.

Science is another stepping-stone in the right

direction. Here is a broad platform thronged with eager travelers. Science and education seem to go hand-in-hand.

Wealth is still another of the stepping-stones of man's existence, and perhaps the most sure on which to stumble or fall. This step in life's pathway is built on the narrow-gauge plan, and those whose feet are not implanted firmly on it are eagerly clinging to it, grasping at everything that can be of any possible assistance, toiling with feverish anxiety, striding over the purer feelings of the human heart, in order to reach the coveted station. Like the *ignis fatuus*, its glitter lures many on to destruction.

Farther, farther on, near the top of the steep cliff, where the skies are clearer, the air is purer, and the crowd more quiet in their journeying, is the stepping stone of Christianity. Ah! how our vision is perfected and enlarged when we stand up there! Eyes that have grown dim with sorrow along the way flash with hope and courage, for faith anoints and strengthens them, and, looking up, they catch a glimpse of the Beulah Land; feet that were made weary in doing good are nerved anew by the thought of soon finding a halcyon rest; ears dull to the noise of life's battle can hear above the sweet ripple of Jordan's tide the music of the heavenly choir floating down the narrow path leading to the gates of pearl.

These are only a few of the stepping-stones lying in life's pathway. There are many more of infinite value to us. Let us remember that every duty faithfully performed, every temptation met and overcome, is a stepping-stone to lift us up higher. Deeds of sympathy and charity, words of love and encouragement to each other, are tending to our elevation, though we may not realize it until the "well done, good and faithful servant," calls us from this world of sorrow and sighing to the beautiful mansion "across the river."

D. S. C.

ONE WAY OF HELPING.

WHEN a person has the wish to be charitable, it seems to me, there is never the want of opportunity," remarked Mr. Waldon one evening, as he sat in the comfortable library of his friend, Mr. Karsner.

"Yes, there are always opportunities," answered Mr. Karsner; "the trouble with me is the want of ability to take advantage of them."

"You know Warner, I presume," said his guest; "well, you are aware that I am superintendent of the Emanuel Sunday School, and one day last summer Mr. Warner—being too early for church—came down into the lecture-room in the basement and waited while we sang the closing hymn.

"Who was that boy who sang so fearfully loud and out of tune?" he remarked to me, as the children filed out of the room.

"That is a boy whom one of our lady teachers has literally snatched as a brand from the burning. His parents are miserable people, and we had hard work to persuade him to come, and still harder to get his parents to allow him to remain."

"But such horrid singing! It is almost enough to split one's ear drums. I wonder the

other pupils do not laugh at him,' commented Mr. Warner.

"'They did at first,' replied I, 'and it was necessary to warn them that those who laughed would forfeit their cards of merit. To tell the truth, I do not know what to do about it. The boy sings with his whole soul, and I believe that the pleasure he takes in it is all that attracts and keeps him here. Yet it is evident that he has not much talent, or he would improve by imitating the others.'

"'Are you not afraid that his false singing will lead the others astray?'

"'Yes. I am frequently reminded of an incident told me lately by a friend. He had a canary bird—one of the finest of singers—and frequently hung the cage containing it outside the window. Sparrows chattered and chirped in the trees near by, and, after a time, the canary abandoned its sweet song and did nothing but chirp like the sparrows.'

"'Give me that boy's address,' said Mr. Warner, thoughtfully.

"I gave it, and he went, his first leisure time, to see the parents. He reminded them of what a clear, strong voice the boy had, and added that he believed cultivation was all he required to make him a vocalist. Gaining their consent, he employed one of the best music teachers in the city to give the boy lessons, and each Sabbath I notice a change for the better. That may be a small charity, but it certainly is a real one.'

"It is, indeed!' replied Mr. Karsner, thoughtfully, 'but it would have never occurred to me.'

MARY E. IRELAND.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

A BLUE BIRD warbled its glad little ditty outside the window this morning—"Spring is coming!" The little brown wren caught the notes and twittered them over as best he could to his mate under the eaves of the portico, where they have lodged through all the winter nights, and are now taking under consideration its merits as a building spot. The hyacinths and jonquils heard the welcome sound, and pushing up their heads, found such warm sunshine everywhere that they could safely remain above ground now. The maple-buds also felt the genial warmth, and their hearts swelled until they grew red in the face, while the blood in the veins of all the lilacs and rose-bushes began flowing upward beneath its influence. Jessie was soon out among the flower-beds, transplanting and trimming and cleaning away around the roots, finding such pleasure in every sign of new life and growth.

How beautiful is earth's yearly resurrection, when the dead garbs are thrown aside and she appears in fresh, green robes; and how far more beautiful and glad will be the soul's resurrection, to some, when they cast aside the clog of the worn earthly body and stand clothed anew in the perfect garment of immortality!

Madge has brought her plants out of the pit to-day to stand in the sunshine on the gallery beside her pretty new room. Then she opened the window, placed a pot of blooming scarlet geraniums on the sill, and hung her bird-cage just out-

side, where the gay little canary trills his most joyful songs.

Altogether, it makes a bright, charming picture every time we turn our eyes that way. Two or three handsome houses have lately been built near us, and some new, pleasant neighbors will afford an additional number of attractive visiting places when the weather admits of going about more freely. One owns a piano and a sweet voice; another has some lovely children.

When the mud dried away last week after a long, thorough thaw, and a mild day came again, Floy brought her new, splendid boy for us to see—a little two-months-old darling, with such a fine, intelligent face he looked as if he could think and understand what was going on around him already. Other little ones have been around us more than usual of late—children of the young friends who have passed from girlhood into wife and motherhood during the last few years, and who are endeared to us by many warm ties. Loving the mothers so long and well, we, of course, take great interest in the children, and it is an engaging study to watch the rapid growth and development of baby intelligence and perception and the unfolding of the mind in those who are a few years older.

It is curious to see what strong traits of character reveal themselves at such an early age, showing what watchful care is needed to train and guide judiciously, and what great harm may be done if a parent neglect such an important duty, the highest and weightiest which God has given her.

One little five-year old girl, who is a great pet of ours, amuses and interests us much by some of her grown-up ways and wise sayings. She is a wee thing for her age, but so ambitious to do what the older folks around her do that she is really a helper in the household. As she said one day when coaxing to be allowed to push the baby buggy, with her infant brother in it, around the house—"I know I'm little, but I do the best I can." She has the brightest, cheeriest disposition, making sunshine wherever she goes. Not long ago her mother, going away on a somewhat protracted visit, had to leave her in the care of an aunt near by, and it was surprising to see how she adapted herself immediately to her changed surroundings. She would follow her aunt around, trying to help her in little ways about the household work, getting the towel and wiping the dishes as orderly as any grown person, though barely tall enough to reach the table where they were set. Then when she could find nothing more of this kind to do and her aunt wished to be quiet, she would amuse herself with her doll and picture-book and play-house for hours, or run around the yard or up and down the hall in bad weather for exercise. There was no one else in the house during the day besides themselves, except when her uncle came home to dinner, and she must have been very lonely at times, deprived of the companionship of her brother and sister, yet she never fretted for them, nor for her absent mother, seeming to accept the situation and try to take it cheerfully. But one day when her father came to see her, and she had climbed on his knee for a confidential chat, she said: "Papa, I do get so lonesome sometimes, but I won't let Aunt Rena know it, for it would make her feel bad." This

was a touching little instance of thoughtfulness and unselfishness which we agreed was a worthy example for many an older one.

The fair day is drawing to a close, and a brisk March wind has sprung up which blows about the tree branches and long-reaching arms of the rose-vines in a lively manner, and whistles around the corners of the house in a blustering way as if threatening another change of weather.

A couple of young elms have lately been set out in sight of my window, and as I watch them swaying to and fro in the harder gusts it reminds me of the proverb, "Young trees root the faster for shaking," and of a story read long ago in which it was applied to a young girl whose life was shaken to its very centre by the trials which assailed her, but who, through the helpful counsels of a wise and tender friend, joined to her own good principles and determination, triumphed victoriously at last, bravely managing the burdens of a household and the care of her motherless brothers and sisters, and helping to bring an erring elder brother back into the right way by her patient, gentle love and good example.

It is sad to see these trials come upon the young at an age which we naturally feel should be bright and free from care; yet we know such discipline develops the strongest characters, rooting them deeply and bringing forth a brave endurance and fortitude to meet the storms of future life.

LICHEN.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

MANY girls shrink from doing housework because they dislike to see their hands injured. This fear is in a great measure groundless, as will be seen presently. Let us consider dishwashing and all its attendant horrors. Now, in the first place, attach your dish-cloth to a smooth, round stick—you can do this by making a few deep notches in one end—tie the cloth firmly; it is better to have two and fasten one to the lower notches, the other to those above; of course, these cloths can be sewed on, but tying admits of more frequent washings. Have two sets of these dish-cloths, one for silver and glass ware, the other for greasy dishes; make still another for pots and kettles if you like—you will not regret the trouble of manufacture. Never put the hands into very hot water; this you need not do if you fix the dish-cloths as described above; hot or strong soap-suds, ashes, and acids are one and all very injurious to the skin; lye ranks in the same category, of course, as it is made from ashes.

Never expose your hands to extreme heat or cold immediately after taking them from water; if you do so, they will "chafe." To keep the skin soft and white, wash them clean, dry them thoroughly, then rub them with a few drops of pure glycerine; rub until dry or nearly so. No gloves are needed, but be sure to wash the skin clean before applying, and put on the glycerine as soon as you have wiped dry. Do not fail to do this every night, otherwise you will find your hands rough, perhaps chapped; then it will be hard work to make them soft. Glycerine is sometimes rather expensive, but as only two or three drops are needed at a time "a little will go a great way," as the old farmer said of his strong cheese.

Buy a sheet of fine sand-paper—there are several degrees of coarseness represented in a "stock"—select the finest. You wonder what this is for, don't you? Do callous spots ever form on your hands? They can be removed in a few moments; just rub hard with a bit of this sand-paper; ink and fruit stains while fresh will disappear also beneath this magic wand. Perhaps you live "away out in the country," and cannot easily procure sand-paper and would be glad to know of a substitute; if you can get some fine sand, mucilage, or thin glue, and a piece of stiff paper, you can make an excellent one; cover the paper with mucilage and while it is wet sift the sand over it as evenly as possible. Sand-balls are easily made also, and almost as good; warm a piece of soap until you can work like putty, then fill the moist, sticky mass with sand, working in as much as it will hold; use instead of toilet-soap; you can purchase nice sand-balls at the drug store. As for glycerine, a half-and-half mixture of lard and mutton-tallow melted together, adding a tiny lump of beeswax and another of camphor-gum, will make as good a substitute as home manufacture can furnish; it will pay you to remember to put an "ounce of glycerine" down on the list with the other things "Pa is to buy when he goes to town."

Now, do not let us hear any more complaints about hands spoiled by doing housework, since it is quite possible to take care of and preserve them. Wear an old pair of gloves while sweeping, cleaning furniture and stoves, also a tight-fitting pair (old kid would be the best) if the hand shows any inclination to "sprawl;" and we forgot to say that any acid will remove deep-seated stain; lemon-juice or tartaric acid are as good as any.

And now, as it is not necessary for you to parboil, roughen, tan, or sprawl your hands in the process, will you not strive to see how well you can do this same dreaded housework? Remember, that to possess a truly beautiful hand one must perform acts of kindness, of tender charity, with them, nor ever let them remain folded in idleness when any duty awaits them or any loving service hath need of them. Ah me! many a "snow-white, shapely hand that 'trips o'er pearly keys'" of the piano here will never tune a harp hereafter; many a taper finger guiding the crayon or the paint-brush on earth will never point out the beauties of heavenly scenery; many a devotee of Kensington art will never wear the immaculate robe of Christ's righteousness. See to it that your hand hath taken hold upon the cross, and all else will be well.

DRESS.—The woman who is always well and neatly dressed is able to exercise a greater influence for good than one who is the reverse. The well-dressed woman is more attractive to the eye, and the eye is one of the main avenues to the heart. Other things being equal, her influence is more potent than her neighbor's, whose reputation of dressing "just as it happens" at home in some indefinable way casts a shade over whatever virtue she may possess. A woman neatly dressed is ready for emergencies. The chance caller and the unexpected guest find her ready to receive them. But perhaps the greatest necessity for looking well at home exists in the home itself. To the members of our own family-circle we owe the first duty.

A TRUE COURAGE.

TO YOUNG WIVES.

WE were sitting in a dry goods store one day recently, when my attention was called to a young woman who was standing near me. She was examining lace curtains.

"I will not purchase this morning," she said. "I wanted to examine them and obtain the prices, but I am not prepared to buy just yet."

"I am sure, madam, you will never have such an opportunity again," said the dealer. "We have marked them down ridiculously low, and now is your chance if you ever want any."

The young woman looked longingly at the pretty mass before her, but answered, "No, I guess I must wait till another day."

Just at that instant a middle-aged lady with a bland smile on her face approached and said:

"Why, Mrs. W—, this is quite a coincidence, really, that we should meet here for the same purpose, for I too am after lace curtains."

The young woman then explained that she did not intend to purchase just then, she was merely obtaining the prices.

"But then I should think you would take advantage of this great mark-down and get them now. Really, Mrs. W—, if you knew what was to your interest you would," said the elder one.

She then examined the curtains and went into ecstasies over their beauty and cheapness; then, turning to the younger, she continued, "Now, Mrs. W—, I am going to have mine from this pattern, and it would be so nice if you had the same. They are such a bargain, and how beautiful they would make your little parlor look."

"I would like them very much," said the other, "but I don't think I had better take them. You know we are just commencing housekeeping, and we can't have everything at the start."

"Oh! I know; your husband has been talking economy to you. But you take my advice, and if you want the curtains get them. I have been married ten years and you not half as many weeks, and I tell you you will come out just as well if you get what you want as though you denied yourself of everything. And it is such a comfort to a woman to have a parlor she is not ashamed to ask her friends into."

"That's sensible advice," said the crafty dealer. "You have your friend's interest in view when you talk that way."

We watched the face of the young woman. A pretty, fresh face it was, but it plainly showed that a conflict was going on in her mind. We had a mental panorama of the whole situation. A young couple just starting in life with very limited means. Their house perhaps was small, their furniture simple. But the young wife had looked longingly at the lace curtains of her richer neighbors, and while she knew simple shades would be more consistent with their means, she could not resist the temptation to just look at the curtains. We waited intently, eagerly hoping that she would do right and give her friend and the dealer a positive refusal. But no. After much importuning on their part she said very hesitatingly:

"Well, I guess I will take them."

"How much?" said the dealer.

"Let me see, three windows, six yards to each. Eighteen yards is the amount."

The lace was measured off, and the young woman took from her purse a roll of bills, quite a number of dollars, and almost the whole amount was passed to the dealer. Perhaps John had that morning handed her the money to purchase a number of useful things, saying:

"We will have to practice economy at first, Alice. Times are hard and wages have been cut down. If we are prudent in spending now, perhaps sometime we will be able to gratify our fancies. But I want us to commence on a sure foundation and live within our means."

But in her desire to have things like others, Alice had forgotten John's sensible advice, and almost the entire sum had gone into three lace curtains. This young wife is not alone in her desire to make a showy commencement in her new home. There are many others who will do the same, even though serious sacrifices must be endured by the husband in order to gratify such extravagance. In their pride and ambition to have things like their richer acquaintances they commence an extravagant expenditure of money that many times results in penury and unhappiness to them in after life.

The young wife is indeed a true heroine who has the courage and independence to look the world in the face and say: "It is not to the foolish opinions of an outside world that we look for enjoyment. We have joined hearts and hands, not for the sake of making a display and pleasing others, but for our own good and happiness. And by our economy, our good management, our just and kind consideration for the feelings and wishes of each other, by our mutual interest in each other's affairs, we hope to build a sure foundation in our home for future prosperity and happiness."

This desire for making a show on the part of young wives is the shoal on which the connubial happiness of many a family has been wrecked. If the hard-working young husband finds that all his earnings must go toward paying extravagant bills, he loses courage for work, and all hope of getting ahead in the world dies out of his heart. The young wife is indeed sensible who is willing to adapt her circumstances to her means, spending wisely and judiciously the fruits of her husband's labor.

NELLIE BURNS.

HOW TO LIVE WELL.—To live well, economy is necessary. No matter if persons are rich or have large incomes, they should be economical; for to waste is wicked. Many people would be economical if they knew how, but the practice of economy is an art. Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better and more serviceable. Especially in regulating table-expenses is there great want of economy. A little useful information concerning the qualities of food, the amount of nutritive matter they contain, the wants of the human system, and the best way of cooking, would often save fully one-third, and, in many instances, half the expense. A wise economy in table-expenses is favorable to health, and thus prevents doctor's bills and conduces to strength and happiness.

Housekeepers' Department.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE ART OF CANNING.

WHILE the railroad and telegraph seem almost to have annihilated the barriers of space, the art of canning seems almost to have annulled the distinctions between the seasons. The skillful housekeeper, who has mastered the art, can have the same bill of fare in January, as in July or August—corn, tomatoes, butter beans, peaches, pears, and, indeed, all “the kindly fruits of the earth” that the spring and summer bring us. There is no invention of modern times that has made such a revolution in the table of country housekeepers. We no longer have to limit ourselves to the dreary round of dried peas or beans, dried apples, rice, or hominy, that formerly constituted the country bill of fare, as regards vegetables, in the winter and the still barer season of the early spring, but by acquiring the art of canning, may sit down to a palatable dinner throughout the winter and spring. It is of great, I might almost say vital, importance to the comfort of a country household that the mistress of it should thoroughly master the art of canning. Having learned it, after many blunders and failures, I wish now to offer a few suggestions, which I hope may prove serviceable to inexperienced young country housekeepers.

My own experience has led me to think it easier to keep canned fruit and vegetables in tin, than in glass. Housekeepers differ on this point, however. There are certainly some advantages connected with the glass jars. They are not subject to rust, like tin, and being transparent, you can readily inspect their contents and see if they are keeping well or not. They are sensitive to sunlight, and if kept in a light, hot place, are apt to work. If, therefore, you use glass jars, try to keep them in a dark, cool place, at least till cold weather sets in. If you cannot keep them in a dark place, wrap and tie a layer of brown wrapping paper around each jar. In very cold weather, they ought to be in a warm place, as after freezing the jars crack and break when their contents thaw.

I would advise housekeepers to be exceedingly careful in the selection of their cans. I have known great loss, trouble, and inconvenience result from the use of imperfect cans, which caused the housekeeper's utmost care and nicety in putting up fruit or vegetables to be thrown away. Be certain that they are thoroughly well soldered and do not leak anywhere. Fill them to the brim with water before putting your fruit or vegetables in them, then set them in a perfectly dry place, so you may the better observe if a drop of moisture trickles out. Get some half gallon cans and some quart ones. The large ones are desirable to use when you have company or in very cold weather, when you can keep half a can till the next day without its souring, but after the weather turns warm in spring it is best to open small cans, whose contents can be used at one meal. Let us first consider the question of can-

ning tomatoes, as these seem to be the favorite canning article. Collect a good supply before canning. If they ripen slowly in your garden, or are there exposed to the depredations of the fowls, gather them as soon as they begin to turn, wrap them in an old blanket, put them in a dark closet, and they will ripen surprisingly fast. Let them be thoroughly ripe when you can them, as they are much more easily managed, as well as more highly flavored, in that state. The day you intend to can, put on early in the morning as many vessels of water as there is room for on the stove, and keep putting on relays of water till all the tomatoes have been scalded. Put the tomatoes in large tin buckets, earthenware bowls, or dish-pans. Pour the water over them when it is scalding hot and cover them closely. While they are scalding, collect up your cans, and see that your sealing wax and everything else required is at hand. When the tomatoes are scalded, lift them out with a large spoon or ladle, lay them on flat dishes, and expose them to the air, so they more quickly cool enough for you to skin them. If thoroughly ripe and thoroughly scalded, this will not be a difficult job. After peeling, cut the tomatoes in two or more pieces, according to the size. A brass kettle is the best thing to cook them in. Let them stay on the stove till they have boiled hard ten or fifteen minutes, and while they are cooking, scald, peel, and cut up a second installment to take their place in the kettle when you will have canned the first installment. Lay an old newspaper on your kitchen table and place the cans on that, so it may catch any tomato juice or cement you may drop. About five minutes before you are ready to can, put several sticks of sealing wax in an old frying pan, set it on the stove, and let it dissolve thoroughly. If you have a large tin dipper or cup, use it to dip up the boiling tomatoes and pour them into the cans. After filling them just even with the top, (not overflowing), take a cloth and wipe round and round the groove into which the top is to fit. I would especially impress this point on housekeepers, as it is of the first importance that this groove should be bone dry. I might call this point “the tug of war” in tin canning. One drop of moisture, nay, one half drop here, will cause you to lose the contents of the can, as it will make the cement drop off. Pass a clean rag around this rim, therefore, twenty times rather than have the slightest suspicion of dampness about it. Then fit on the top carefully, pressing it down firmly with your hand. Then wipe the groove again several times, as the act of putting on the top sometimes forces out a little moisture. Next take a tin kitchen spoon, dip up a spoonful of the cement, and drop this from the point of the spoon into the groove, into which the top fits. If the cement looks uneven or rugged after you have done this, heat the end of the lid lifter or poker and run it around the cement in the groove, which process will smooth it nicely, and diffuse it evenly. If your tomatoes give out within an inch or two

of filling the last can, just fill the vacuum with boiling water, and this may be done also with other canning articles, saving considerable trouble and fatigue. Do not put your cans in an inaccessible place immediately after canning, but have them for several days in a place where you can readily inspect them. If any of them come unsealed, or if you observe bubbles in them (in glass jars), either use them in soup, or bake or stew them for dinner the same day, or turn them into ketchup, if they have not begun to sour. If you find any of your tomatoes very slightly sour when you open them in winter, a pinch of soda will correct this acidity. Corn is said to be the most difficult of all things to keep, almost impossible except for professional canners, but home canners can keep it very well by mixing it with tomatoes, boiling it as if for dinner, then cutting it off the cob and pouring it into the kettle of tomatoes.

Fruits, especially sweet ones, are easier to keep than vegetables, hence glass may be more appropriately used for them. If you are going to can peaches, get several persons to help you, so the delicate whiteness of the peach may not be tarnished by being kept waiting while you are trying to get enough peeled to fill your kettle. Should there be any such delay, have a bucket of cold water beside you and drop the peeled peaches into it till you have enough to fill your kettle. This will prevent the air from darkening them. Soft, free-stone peaches are not the best for canning, as they come to pieces in the process of being sufficiently heated for canning. Cling-stone are to be preferred. Peaches must not be cooked like tomatoes for canning, but just heated thoroughly. You will have to put a gourdful or two of water with them to prevent them from sticking to the kettle. It is unnecessary to add sugar, as this does not make them keep any better. The great secret is to put them up hot, fill the can or jar well, and make it perfectly air-tight. Glass jars must be heated before the hot fruit or vegetable is poured into them. This may be done by putting water in them and setting them in some vessel (a dish-pan for instance) half full of water. Set this vessel on the stove and let the water in and around the glass jars become gradually heated. Some persons can peaches by putting them in the glass jars and setting the jars in a vessel of water, setting this vessel on the stove till the water boils and the peaches become heated through. Novitiate housekeepers may not be aware of the fact that you cannot screw on the tops of glass jars perfectly tight at one screwing. Twenty-four hours after canning they have to be screwed again, and a few days later they must be screwed a third time. Before you can make the tops perfectly secure. Keep them where you can watch them for several days. If you see any indication of their working, use them for the next meal or stew them down into marmalade. If you take them in the first incipient stage of working, throwing away the top layer, which always sours first, you can make very good marmalade of them. To have a supply of canned peaches on hand gives a housekeeper a very independent feeling. If unexpected company arrives, she is not worried or flurried about preparing a dessert, but provides one by simply opening a can of peaches and adding to it the rich cream or milk a country housekeeper is supposed to have

and ought to have. Not only is this a delicious and wholesome dessert, but, by sparing the mistress of the house the trouble and fatigue of an elaborate cooked dessert, it gives her more leisure to train her children, read, or carry on other pursuits. If, however, she desires a more elaborate dessert than simple canned peaches, she can make a delicious ice-cream out of them, chopping them up and preparing them just as she would do fresh peaches. She can also make delightful peach-preserves out of the canned peaches. The directions given above for peach-canning apply also to pears.

Few things are more delicious and more serviceable than canned apples properly prepared. The most judicious plan is to use for this purpose autumn apples that will not keep from winter till spring. After having them picked up or gathered, have them spread out thin on some floor where you can inspect them daily. First, can those on which specks begin to appear—indeed, you may keep on canning throughout the winter for spring use, inspecting frequently your stock of winter apples and canning those in which you discern specks that warn you they will not keep till spring. Peel and core the apples, cut them into small pieces, put them in a brass kettle, pouring over them a gourdful or two of water. Stew them down thoroughly, stirring them with a large kitchen spoon, then run them through a colander, which will give them a smooth and beautiful consistency, like that of "apple snow" or "apple float." If you are pressed for time, however, you may omit running them through a colander. Apples prepared in this way furnish a delightful dessert with the addition of a little granulated sugar and cream or milk. They also make nice pies, puffs, or valise puddings. It is a great improvement to mix with a quart can of apples stewed fine, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, and a tea cup of granulated sugar. It is desirable to put up some of your apples in a more "rough and ready" manner, just slicing them across, without peeling or coring. Then put them on in a little water, heat them thoroughly, and can them for frying. Few dishes are more palatable in the spring than these canned apples, fried a delicate brown, with a slice of fat bacon and a little brown sugar or molasses. If you can apples during the winter, it will not be necessary to get fresh cans, as by that time you will have begun to open and use your cans put up in summer and you can refill the empty cans with apples. As soon as your cans are emptied, it is important for them to be thoroughly washed, dried, and rubbed with sapollo (or some such preparation) if there is any discoloration about them. The cement also should be kept, as it can be used again. The cans should be locked up till the next season or till you are ready to use them again. If left out, servants will put all sorts of things in them, discoloring and rusting them.

Finally, I would say in conclusion, to all sister-housekeepers in rural districts, do not allow any obstacles or discouragements to deter you from seeking to master the art of canning, but persevere till you have acquired the requisite knowledge, experience, and skill to spread through the bleak months of winter and the bare season of spring a table as inviting and palatable as at midsummer.

MARY W. EARLY.

POISON AT THE FRONT DOOR.

NO article entering so generally into the food of every family has been found more villainously adulterated than baking powder. For the purpose of underselling those powders of absolute purity and wholesomeness which alone are safe for use in food, hundreds of dealers are putting up baking powders with cheap and adulterated cream of tartar, which contains lime, earth, etc., adding strength by the free use of alum.

These adulterated powders are "shoved" upon the public with the greatest persistency. They are first given away—left in samples at private residences, with circulars containing bogus analyses and certificates, and false representations as to their value, etc. This fact of itself is sufficient to condemn them. A first class article will sell on its merits. No manufacturer whose goods are of value can afford to give them away, and none but the cheapest make and most inferior or unmarketable goods require to be distributed free in order to get the public to use them; and this method is adopted only by parties who have failed to dispose of their wares through the ordinary and legitimate channels of trade.

Free samples of articles of food left at the house should be regarded with suspicion. There is no guarantee of their wholesomeness, while there is real danger that they contain a fatally poisonous compound. Many instances of poisoning from the use of such samples are recorded.

The only safe way is to consign all such samples immediately to the ash barrel, and to turn a deaf ear to the statements made by their vendors. It is not worth while to trifle with life and health to the extent of testing every doubtful baking powder that comes along. Better to rely upon an old and reliable brand, like the Royal, which has by a quarter of a century's constant use proved its perfect wholesomeness and efficiency, or some other brand that is not so worthless and cheap that its proprietors can afford to give it away by the cart-load. It is in its favor that the Royal Baking Powder is never given away, sold by means of lotteries, nor accompanied by chromos, spoons, crockery, or other gifts, except the gifts of absolute purity, wholesomeness, full weight, and superlative leavening power. Its own merits have been its chief advertisement, and they have secured for it the constant patronage of the American people to an extent beyond the combined sale of all other baking powders. The Royal Baking Powder is certified by all the Government chemists as absolutely pure and perfect.

RECIPES.

POTATOES IN THEIR JACKETS.—"Should potatoes be peeled before cooking, or should they be boiled in their jackets? I say most decidedly in jackets," writes Professor Mattien Williams, "and will state my reasons. From fifty-three to fifty-six per cent. of the saline constituents of the potato is potash, and potash is an important constituent of the blood—so important that in Norway, where scurvy once prevailed very seriously, it has

been banished since the introduction of the potato, and, according to Lang and other good authorities, it is owing to the use of this vegetable by a people who formerly were insufficiently supplied with saline vegetable food. Potash-salts are freely soluble in water, and I find that the water in which potatoes have been boiled contains potash, as may be proved by boiling it down to concentrate, then filtering, and adding the usual potash test—platinum chloride. It is evident that the skin of the potato must resist this passage of the potash into the water, though it may not fully prevent it. The bursting of the skin occurs only at quite the latter stage of the cookery. The greatest practical authorities on the potato—Irishmen—appear to be unanimous; I do not remember to have seen a pre-peeled potato in Ireland. I find I can at once detect, by the difference of flavor, whether a potato has been boiled with or without its jacket, and this difference is evidently saline.

SAVE the tea leaves for a few days, then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour; strain through a sieve and use the tea for all varnished paints. It requires very little elbow polish, as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from all impurities and making it equal to new. It cleans windows and sashes and oil-cloths—indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application; it washes window-panes and mirrors much better than water, and is excellent for cleaning black walnut and looking-glass frames; it will not do to wash unvarnished paints with.

FRUIT loaf made of bread dough is very nice. After the dough has risen the first time take a piece about the size you would need for a loaf of bread; roll this out on the kneading-board until it is not more than an inch thick; on this spread any kind of fruit that you choose, currants, chopped raisins, stewed figs, or jam may any of them be used; sprinkle a little powdered sugar over the fruit, and put some little lumps of butter here and there on it, or spread the dough with butter before putting the fruit on it. Roll it up very tightly into a loaf, let it rise, and bake it in a hot oven. Cut it in thick slices when done. This may take the form of a plain pudding; in this case it must be served hot, with sauce. The sauce should be rich and highly seasoned, and the pudding must be cut in thin slices, and the sauce should be very hot, so that it will penetrate and soften the crust.

FOR A DESSERT, try the following recipe: Boil a quarter of a pound of rice in milk, and while hot put in an ounce of butter, some sugar, and essence of vanilla to taste. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a little milk and beat to a froth half a pint of rich cream. When the rice is cold add the gelatine and whipped cream. Put in a mold on the ice until it becomes perfectly firm. Serve with a fruit-sauce or with preserved fruit.

FRIED APPLES make a nice dish, cut across the core in slices and then browned in lard or butter and lard mixed; drain them and serve them hot, with roast pork or veal. Some cooks use beef-drippings instead of lard, and like the flavor better.

Religious Reading.

FORBEARANCE.

"It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake. What love thou hast for me
Bestow it ere I go.

"Carve not upon a stone, when I am dead,
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live."

SOFTLY the eyelids close, the voice is hushed, the pulse ceases, the spirit has fled, and our opportunity for good or ill to the one gone has passed away. We look and wonder. It almost seems as if our breath, too, would go from us in the moment of melting, of unutterable tenderness that comes to us as we look on the house left tenanted, on the casket from which has gone the jewel. The heart within us cries out for expressions of kindness, for deeds of ministration, toward the one who has passed from sight; but these are denied us now.

In our moments of sorrow, how like jagged, hard points, to pierce us with regretful puncture, stand out before us the many opportunities for manifestation of kindness that we allowed to pass unimproved! How hard to us seem even the deeds of kindness done, as, with our own power of introspection, we see just where they lacked in that inner fineness of feeling and tenderness of motive which would have added the charm of a mellow richness quite perceptibly lacking! In our regretful sorrow, we wonder if the one gone from us can possibly know how we feel, how we long to bestow kindness, how real, after all, was our love. We wonder more that the foibles and peccadilloes of the departed one should ever have occupied so prominent a place in our thought—should, perchance, have called forth comment at our hand—and we unhesitatingly pass upon ourselves the sentence, "So foolish was I, and ignorant," adding, perhaps, "and so hard, so cold."

This seems, nay, is, a painful picture to look upon, and yet it is a very real one to the majority, doubtless to most hearts. The saddest thought connected with it is that it is a picture of our own painting, the result of our own want of care or thought or tenderness. As all the colors are embodied in light and need but the necessary conditions to make them apparent or to group them in beauty, so all tints necessary to beauty and harmony of character are embodied in the Divine Life and need but that we should place ourselves in proper relation to that Life in order that, with delicate harmony and rare blending, they may be thrown upon the canvas which shall reflect the picture of our own painting. In our failure thus to place ourselves lies the secret of the sad picture we throw upon the canvas of our own lives, as the record of our daily living is traced on that canvas.

In a brief paragraph at the bottom of page 523, September number of the HOME MAGAZINE, my eye fell upon these words, which were suggestive of thought: "It is not sufficient, to constitute our-

selves just men and women, that we strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfill our contracts, if, at the same time, we are stern where we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic; for then we pay only half our debts and repudiate the other half."

What lessons of forbearance we would learn if, in the daily detail of life, there were a living realization of the sentiment couched in these words! And what vain regrets we should be spared in remembering lost opportunities for kindness! In every sphere, from that of most abundant luxury and ease to the daily round of most commonplace, treadmill existence, there is frequent and ample opportunity for gentle consideration and kindly forbearance as we come in contact with the foibles and peculiarities of even the most rounded and symmetrical lives, for none are without them.

And how strange it seems that when those about us pass away from sight, these same foibles and peculiarities that were wont to rasp us in life, and that failed to call forth from our hearts kindly consideration and gentle forbearance, we now gild with a halo of tender memories, so that, as a part of the individuality of those gone from us, they become in our eyes either traits which attract us, or, if not so positive as this, they call forth tenderness and commiseration rather than hardness and condemnation. How much better had we allowed them thus to appeal to the best within us during life! Alas! that then they were so apt to call forth sarcasm, cutting retort, or cold criticism.

It does seem strange that in life we are so much more apt to look upon and speak of those things that to us seem defects in the characters of those about us, than to have mind and heart directed toward the many good qualities that we would surely see were our range of vision directed more frequently through the lens of love. And how much more helpful our influence were our vision and our comments thus directed. We are little aware how these affect those about us, or how an injustice or unkindness, growing out of a want of kindly consideration may set far away from us under the cold tethers of a constraint, which binds with gyves not easily broken those whom our hearts should hold nearest and dearest, and toward whose foibles we should extend the most kindly forbearance. For we should remember that we are not without our own objectionable qualities, and these may be very apparent to other eyes. Our sight is quite as apt to be closed to our own defects as it is to be open to those of others; but when we are conscious of them, how grateful to us that gentle consideration and tender forbearance which loving ones extended to us. It melts the heart and warms it with aspirations after the good and ennobling.

It seems to me here is the sweet secret of the Lord's dealing with us. "The Lord is as if He did not see and perceive the sins of men; for He leads them gently; thus He bends and does not break in withdrawing them from evil and in lead-

ing them to good; wherefore He does not chastise nor punish as if He saw and perceived." And how fragrant and helpful the sphere of those who, emulating His example, allowing Him to fill them with His own Spirit of gentleness and love, according to their finite measure, exercise the spirit of charity and forbearance toward those about them. In the home, in society, everywhere, their influence is felt, and the measure of that influence for good eternity alone may tell, for it is likewise true that "all contact leaves its mark," and that "we are taking into ourselves the world about us,

the society in which we move, the impress of every sympathetic contact with good or evil, and we shall carry them with us forever. We do not pass through a world for naught; it follows us because it has become a part of us." At the same time let us remember it becomes a part of those about us, and the character of that part may be more largely affected by our contact with and necessary impartation to them than we are aware. Remembering this, shall we not be the more kind and forbearing?

MRS. A. L. W.—.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE EARLY BIRD.

HIS wings are blue as the sky above,
His breast as brown as the earth below,
His note as sweet as a mellow flute,
Sounding clear and low.

Follow me over the meadow and field,
Follow me through the pasture land,
Leap the brook and cross the rill,
And come to the hill-top grand!

The grass is withered and brown, I know;
The daisies, buried beneath the snow,
Have lost the glow of the summer long,
And the gurgling brook has ceased its song.

But here on the hill-top, lone and free,
The early bird of the spring has come;
Perched on the branch of the maple-tree
He answers the ruffled grouse's drum.

The partridge, sounding the call of spring,
Wakes the brook from its silent sleep,
And the bluebird, poising on airy wing,
Calls till the rill begins to creep—
Calls till the snow-drift sinks away
From the sunlight piercing the clouds of gray,
Rouses the buds on the elm-tree's limbs,
Wakens the grasses upon the plain,
And over the dear old earth again
Echo the spring-time prophet's hymns.

HENRY RIPLEY DORR in *Youth's Companion*.

IN THE KING'S BANQUETING-HOUSE.

I WALK on my way with the others, I toil at my daily task;
I am sometimes weary and careworn and sometimes I wear a mask,
And cover with smiles and sunshine a heart that is full of tears;
And yet, and yet, there is joy divine, and it crowns my burdened years.

For sometimes there comes a whisper in the silence of my soul:

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and forget the sorrow and dole,

And come to the house of the banquet and feast with the King to-day."

And oh! when I hear the summons, is there aught except to obey?

And what if the way be dreary and I sometimes think it long?

There's always, sooner or later, a bit of a cheery song.

And what if the clouds above me are sometimes thick and gray?

There is never a cloud on the Mercy seat, where I meet Him day by day.

So I go on my way with the others, I am often weary and spent;

But aye in my heart I am thankful, happy and well content;

For oft in the early dawning and oft at the fall of day
He calls me in to the banquet, and what can I do but obey?

MARGARET SANGSTER.

THE IMP OF SPRING-TIME.

OVER the eaves where the sunbeams fall
Titters the swallow;
I hear from the mountains the cataract call:
Follow, oh! follow!

Buds on the bushes and blooms on the mead
Swiftly are swelling;
Hark! the spring whispereth, "Make ye with speed
Ready my dwelling."

Out of the tremulous blue of the air,
Calling before her,
Who was it bade me? "Awake and prepare,
Thou, mine adorer!"

"Leave me," I said, "I have known thee of old,
Love, the annoyer,
Arming, at last, with thine arrows of gold,
Time, the destroyer."

"Follow," he laughed, "where the bliss of the earth
Wooes thee, compelling;
Yet in the spring, and her thousand-fold birth,
I, too, am dwelling."

Out of the buds he was peeping, and sang
Soft with the swallow;
Yea, and he called where the cataract sprang;
Follow, oh! follow!

Vain to defy, or evade, or, in sooth,
Bid him to leave me!
But his deception is dearer than truth;
Let him deceive me!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

COMING THROUGH THE WOOD.

(See Frontispiece.)

I SAW her coming through the wood,
My pretty one, my dear;
I said, "An' you will marry me,
I'll wait for you a year.
And I'll give you a silken gown,
And I'll give you a ring,
An' you will marry me
I' th' coming of the spring."

My love, she tossed her pretty head
As she went on her way,
And said, "I'm in a hurry, sir,
For it is market day."
She had a basket on her arm,
And she began to sing,
As she went on into the town
To do her marketing.

She stayed to rest as she came back
Upon a fallen tree;
She'd bought a ribbon for her hair
And put it in for me.
And then we sat and wondered what
The coming year would bring;
And, oh! I think she'll marry me
I' th' coming of the spring.

REA.

FLAX FLOWERS.

WE had not dreamed that any poetry
Beneath our friend's calm-seeming life could be.
But in a deep-cut heart,
As new growths in the plowshare's furrow spring,
So tenderer thought than ever there had been
To sudden life did start.

We turned away for very tender shame,
As not to seem to note the one who came
With small, exquisite flowers:
Those of the flax that are serenely blue
As were those eyes that, moist with love's pure dew,
So often looked in ours.

"Fallen on sleep," the wife and mother lay
(The light of home went out that bitter day).

The husband softly pressed
To the still room, and, after all, the place
Seemed to be touched with heart-born, tender grace,
By love made manifest.

Those dainty flowers seem made of light and dew,
Yet they're upheld by fiber—knitted through
With nerve-life, strong and white!
I look, and think of the deep eyes from where
The strong soul leaned—the soul whose sight was clear
And keen to see the right.

The wear of toil was hard on this still life;
Each day brought pain and sometimes bitter strife,
Met with a strength sublime.
Thou hadst the nerve that doth endure, shy heart!
At thought of all thy tension, tears will start—
We knew thy trial time.

We note the flowers that look in tender-wise
(Soft and serene, as were those tender eyes)
In the hands labor-seamed;
But dainty fiber of no leaf is fine,
As were the soul-nerves of this friend of mine.
At best, we only dreamed

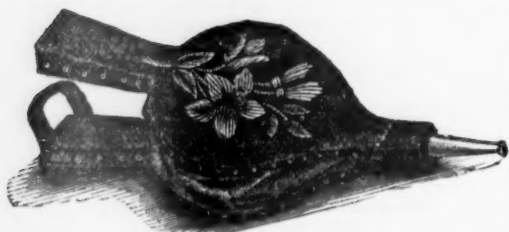
Of the deep love of one shy, tender soul;
Only a quiver of one fine nerve stole
Down to the finger tips.
They were love-eloquent: electric wire
Ne'er run and trembled with as subtle fire
As those dear hands and lips.

The lily-like and perfect souls may grow
Beside God's river Peace, and hear its flow;
We think of some still place
Within the very shadow of God's throne;
We think of thee as loved and fully known,
Because of just one grace

Brought to perfection, worn unconsciously,
As the flax wears its bloom. Thou wert to me
That angel whom we name
Patience on earth. We dream of thee as fair,
With crown as modest as these blossoms are
With which love shyly came.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework.



Drawing-room Bellows with Satin-stitch Embroidery.—The model bellows are of olive silk-plush with folding sides of satin to match, both fastened on with gilt-headed nails. The sprig is worked with fillo-selle silk divided three times in four shades of copper, the leaves and stalks with purse twist in three shades of olive green.

Clothes-bag. Figs. 1 and 2.—The bag is intended to hold linen that is waiting for the laundress. It is made of light-blue gingham and is ornamented with cross-stitch embroidery in light and dark blue cotton on white Java canvas. A piece of Java canvas twenty-nine inches wide around and fifteen inches deep, including the points, is required for the lower outside part. Sew up the side seam and embroider it in the design Fig. 2, at an inch and a half above the lower edge in two shades of blue cotton. Having worked the embroidery, cut the lower edge to the shape of the points and then ravel the spare inch and a half of canvas for fringe. Tack the two layers of points to each other and fasten tassels of white, with light and dark blue at the tips and between them. For the narrow border at the top, take a strip of canvas five inches deep and embroider it across the upper part in the design Fig. 1. At two stitches above and below



FIG. 1.—CLOTHES BAG.

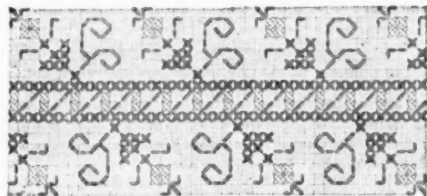


FIG. 2.—CLOTHES BAG.

the embroidery, work a row of large button-hole stitches in dark blue, fastening the strip to the upper edge of the other piece of canvas with the button-hole stitches at the top and ravel the canvas for fringe below those at the bottom. The gingham bag is cut the same width as the canvas and twenty-two inches deep. The top is turned down two inches to form a hem and a casing, in which a double drawing-string is run. It is set inside the canvas part and forms the lining of it.

Embroidered Fan-holder for Photos.—Our readers will no doubt be surprised to hear that the holder here seen, to be placed or set upon a table, is composed of a dried and pressed palm-leaf covered with satin. The pattern-leaf is thirteen and three-eighths inches high and twelve and five-eighths inches wide, with a stalk four and three-quarter inches long, the latter, as also the back, being covered with strawberry satin put on plain, while the front, as seen in illustration 1, is plaited twice across, one and one eighth inches wide, with the same elegant material. Two pockets, of oval



FIG. 1.—EMBROIDERED FAN-HOLDER FOR PHOTOS.

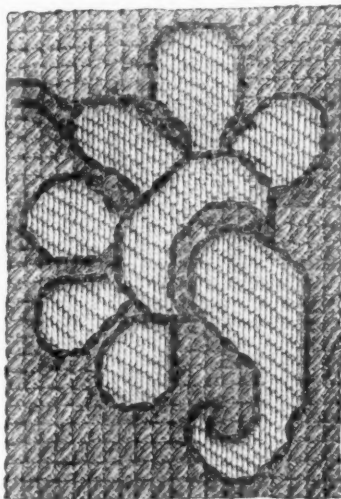


FIG. 2.—EMBROIDERED FAN-HOLDER FOR PHOTOS.

pieces of cardboard pointed at the ends and eight and five-eighths inches long and four and three-eighths inches wide, are likewise put on in front. On the holder, the outside of the left pocket is covered with plush enlivened by a monogram worked in gold, while that of the right one is ornamented with embroidery worked on gold brocade, the ground being filled in with cross-stitches of strawberry colored crewel-wool worked after the type pattern (illustration 2) and the design itself left untouched, outlined with back-stitch in dead-blue filoselle silk. The satin lining of the pockets is turned over the front edge to imitate a small binding, then seamed to the edge of the leaf and bordered at the same time with this and with a gold-twisted satin roll. Bow of corded ribbon two and three-quarter

ters inches wide between the pockets. On the holder, one pocket is covered with dark satin and a gold-embroidered sprig, the other with a checked design in gold cord, the crossing of the checks being marked out with colored silk.

LUSTRA PAINTING.

THIS is a new and beautiful means of decorating plush, satin, or other materials generally used for household adornment. The name *lustra* is derived from *lustrous*, which is a correct term to apply to the finished work, which presents much the same effects as flowers cast in colored bronzes.

The colors for lustra painting are made of bronze powders. The artist mixes his or her tints to the required consistency by prepared liquids, known as mediums. Of these, the "general medium" is used for all colors except pinks, which are mixed with the "special medium." For painting upon plush the tints should be mixed to about the consistency of sirup, but for lighter fabrics thinner colors are desirable.

Lustra painting is not a pictorial art, but a broadly decorative one. Therefore, bold effects are the most appropriate, fine, delicate lines and shadings being almost impossible of attainment. Color, moreover, is a secondary matter, and all flowers in lustra painting are more or less conventional. Harmony of tones, beauty of lights and shades, and a sparkling, metallic effect for the whole design, are all that can be successfully realized in this art.

The colors prepared for lustra painting are as follows: Rich gold, pale gold, green gold, lemon, orange, fire, brown, pale pink, middle pink, carmine, dull red, pale blue, dark blue, dull blue, light green, dark green, brilliant green, light dull green, dark dull green, silver, sparkling silver, steel, black, pale purple, and dark purple. A china palette, with little wells or hollows, is required. Upon this the colors are arranged in *keys*, or series of tones. Of the foregoing, rich gold, pale gold, green gold, lemon, orange, fire, and brown constitute the *key of yellow*; pale pink, middle pink, carmine, and dull red, the *key of pink*; pale blue, dark blue, and dull blue, the *key of blue*; light green, dark green, and dull green, the *key of green*; silver, sparkling silver, steel, and black, the *key of white to black*; pale purple and dark purple, the *key of purple*. The majority of colors are used just as they are prepared in the bottles, but yellow greens, blue greens, and white greens are produced by mixing. Light may be heightened by the addition of silver or sparkling silver; tone may be deepened by the addition of black or the dull colors. A brilliant rich red is made by the addition of one-third fire to two-thirds of dull red. But here, as in all kinds of painting, practice only can teach how to blend and mix colors.

The only rule that can be given for flowers and leaves is, use the palest tints for the highest lights, the darkest for the deepest shadows, and blend the two with the middle tints. Lights may afterward be heightened and the shadows may be deepened by *glazing*—that is, the high lights may be worked over with a metallic color, the shadows with a dull color. Flowers of all hues may readily be painted in lustra, except deep crimson ones. These may be executed in crimson, lake, and vermilion in oil colors, the highest lights being in carmine, the lustra color.

Lustra painting being conventional, like embroidery, the first step is to have the design stamped or drawn. It may then be outlined, as in embroidery, in silk in stem-stitch, or, after the colors are laid on, in black or brown paint. In decorating plush work with the pile, taking long, firm strokes with a flat brush, keeping the brush well filled with paint. Cleanse the brush with turpentine between every two colors, unless it is desirable to blend them. In painting satin, use less

paint, and replenish the brush less frequently. To regulate the lights and shadows it is well always to imagine that the light falls directly upon the top of the flower or leaf, naturally throwing the upper part into high light, the lower into deep shadow, and causing a charming scale of middle tints between. This is best exemplified in a flower of many petals, as a rose or a peony. Paint stamens and pistils of a bright, contrasting color, after the petals of a flower are dry. Paint flowers like golden-rod, whose petals are small and indistinct, with short, quick "dabs," lightening and shading the whole mass, aiming only at general effect.

CLOVER-LEAF LACE.

A BEAUTIFUL crochet edging, suitable for trimming flannel or underwear. It may be worked in either Saxony wool or cotton.

Make a chain of seven stitches.

1st row: Three double crochet stitches in the fourth stitch of the chain of seven; chain one; three double crochet stitches in same fourth stitch; chain three; one double crochet in first stitch of chain of seven; chain seven. Turn the work.

2d row: Three double crochet stitches over chain of one in preceding row; chain one; three double crochet stitches over same chain of one in preceding row. Turn.

3d row: One single crochet through the top of each double crochet stitch of the three just made, thus working a chain upon the edge of the shell; chain three, this chain taking the place of one double crochet; two double crochet over the chain of one in preceding row; chain one; three double crochet over same chain of one in preceding row; chain three; one double crochet through the fourth stitch of the chain of seven connecting two preceding rows; chain seven. Turn.

4th row: Like second as far as "Turn." Instead of turning, continue as follows: Chain fifteen, turn, one slip stitch through the seventh stitch of the chain of fifteen, thus making one loop. Chain three, one double crochet over the loop, thus making a second loop; chain three, one double crochet over the first loop, thus making a third loop; chain seven, one single crochet at the base of the first loop, thus making a fourth loop, or three loops around one central loop. This makes the stem and the foundation for the three leaves of the clover-leaf. Turn, so that the loop first made outside of the central loop may be filled first—to do this pass the needle under the stem.

5th row: One single crochet over first half of the loop, 2 double crochet and three triple crochet stitches. Catch the leaf in place by making one slip-stitch through the end stitch of the second row; then fill up the last half of the same loop, thus: Three triple crochet, two double crochet, and one single crochet stitches. Fill the next two loops as follows: One single crochet, two double crochet, six triple crochet, two double crochet, and one single crochet stitches. The three leaflets of the clover leaf are now finished. Six single crochet stitches over the chain of six constituting the stem, and three upon the upper edge of the shell consisting of three double crochet stitches in preceding row. Finish the row as from the corresponding point in the third row.

6th row: Like second.

7th row: Like third.

8th row: Like fourth.

9th row: Like fifth—except catch the middle of the first leaflet made to the end of the sixth row, and the middle of the next leaflet to the middle of the last leaflet of the preceding clover leaf.

The foregoing pattern provides for two clover leaves, showing the modes of joining where required. Repeat the pattern from the second clover leaf.



LUSTRA PAINTING.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

Novel Fabrics.—The favorite materials for early spring suits are cloths. In addition to the standard plain dress-cloths are several novel fabrics, showing beautiful effects. One of these new cloths is woven very much like three-ply carpet, having raised figures upon an irregular, coarse-meshed ground. Another cloth is covered with shaggy loops or curled threads. The newest of these dress-cloths are not in one solid color, but generally have dots, cheeks, or dashes of one or several bright tints upon plain grounds, either light or dark, somewhat after the fashion of the bourette cloths so much worn a few years ago. Some cloths are perfectly smooth, with printed figures, of colors differing from the ground. The finest and richest of these smooth cloths is the new one known as **Gilbert cloth**. A beautiful Gilbert cloth has a dark, olive-green ground, strewn over with Turkey-red crescents; another is of seal brown, studded with old-gold stars. The most elegant of all the rough cloths is **Khayyan**, whose name is derived from a Persian poet. This is of fine, silky camel's-hair, presenting quite an Oriental effect, with its visible interlacing threads. A dress pattern of Khayyan is generally in two portions, part plain, part covered with raised figures. The ground of the figured portion is of the same color as the plain, and it may be of the natural beige hue of the wool or seal-brown, olive, or black. The figure is usually a large circle or crescent, in nearly every case darker than the ground. Other cloths are plaided, striped, or mottled, in many cases showing quaint effects in color.

Cloth costumes, as told in our last, are generally made up in severe tailor-styles, or when trimmed are lavishly decorated with braid. Another way of making up a cloth costume is to have part plain, part coloring varied or figured—this, in particular, is the way to make up a dress of Khayyan cloth. When a cloth, showing touches of bright color, is chosen for the foundation, it should be combined with a gayer fabric, showing the principal bright color of the foundation-material in plaids or stripes. Plainer cloths may be decorated simply with collar and cuffs of velvet or velveteen.

Velvet may be used to any extent in any portion of a costume. Its newest use, in the form of velvet ribbon, is to fill the same office as braid, being arranged in rows, to imitate tucks or outline vests, plastrons, collars, cuffs, revers, or panels. Later, it is said, narrow ribbon will be used in the same way.

Cotton Dresses.—The favorite materials for ordinary summer wear will be **Scotch gingham** or **zephyr cloths**, which are in more exquisite tints than ever before. They will be largely trimmed with inexpensive lace. **Cambric** and **lawn costumes** will be decorated principally with quantities of machine-made tucking. Among the new inventions worthy of notice are ready-prepared tucking and ruffling, in cambric and lace, so that the process of making up ornamental wash dresses is robbed of half its terrors. **Hamburg embroidery** is now so made that the superfluous material, outside of the edging, can be pulled off, as one detaches postage-stamps, instead of requiring laborious cutting-out with the scissors.

Elegant spring wraps are in plain or broadened velvet, or corded silk and sicilienne, trimmed with chenille, jet, or lace. **Plainer wraps** are cloth capes or jackets of cloth of the same material as the costume, requiring little or no trimming.

Silks.—A plain black silk is always fashionable, but for some months past **black gros grain**, as an entire costume, has been worn less than formerly, principally because so much of it has been used in the form of wraps, for which, however, it is scarcely suitable, except, perhaps, in the case of a fur-lined circular, when a very heavy grade of silk is required. As Fashion finds that plain black gros grain is not the best material for a wrap, she is restoring it to its old office, and never, perhaps, could ladies purchase a plain black silk costume more advantageously than now. The favorite **rhadames**, **rhadzimir**, and the like are not, as they recently were, considered the only elegant forms of silk. For early spring these latter will still hold sway, as well as the favorite **silk** and **satin brocades** and **damasses**, but they will divide favor with gros grain, uncombined with any other material and trimmed with lace or jet. Later, **surah** and **Louisine** will lead, as they are among the lightest, coolest, and most serviceable forms that silk can take. Following these will come the standard **summer silks** in new shades. **Foulards**, or, as they are generally called now, **Indin silks**, are light and satiny in effect, and printed with chintz figures, in the new, contrasting conceits of color. These will be trimmed with velvet ribbon. **Pongees**, in the natural fern tints, will be decorated with quantities of inexpensive lace.

Cheese-cloth costumes will be as fashionable as they were two or three years ago. Cheese-cloth costs but five or ten cents a yard, but its low price is counterbalanced by the enormous quantity of lace used to trim one costume, the lace taking the form of flounces, tabliers, plastrons, cascades, and what not. But no other fabric, however high-priced, has the exquisite creamy tint of cheese cloth, so well harmonizing with the fashionable laces.

Spring Millinery.—For early spring, a little capote, made of cloth to match a costume and trimmed simply with braid and one or two ostrich tips, will be the one bonnet. Later, no bonnet need match a costume. The prevailing shapes of **straw hats** will be distinguished by high crowns and narrow brims, the crowns being peaked or pointed, the brims rolled, fluted, turned up front or back or at the side, or flat all around. The straw will be smooth and glossy, of any shade—black, white, navy-blue, garnet, olive, or even striped or plaided with bright colors. The only ornaments upon any of these high-crowned hats will be an enormous bow of wide plaid or striped ribbon fastened to the front by a gilt ornament.

Ribbon, when used, is of silk, satin, or velvet, not plain, but plaided, striped, or mottled with bright color. A new ribbon is of canvas, or, as it is called, **etanine**, with dashes of silk, in color, woven through it. **Flowers** for spring millinery are of velvet; velvet leaves are also used, principally of the maidenhair-fern and cyclamen. The decoration is generally piled in front of a hat. **Velvet** will be largely used for binding and facing of elaborate hats and bonnets; the color will be green in the delicate natural tints, as willow, water-cress, reeada, and the like. **Gilt and tinsel lace**, **braid**, and **pins** will be used to excess on dress hats and bonnets. **Scarfs** and **handkerchiefs** of soft crape or silk, in plaids or checks, may be carelessly knotted around hat-crowns and fastened with one large or many small gilt or silver pins. The favorite colors are green and yellow, pink and yellow, and poppy and cardinal-red.

T. S. ARTHUR.

MARCH 6th, 1885.

NOT from the field of carnage didst thou bring
 Thy fadeless laurels, O thou crowned soul!
 That up the long path to thy destined goal,
 Lost in far-brightness, leav'st us sorrowing!
 Yet, ne'er did soldier's hand his colors fling
 More bravely forth amid the battle-storm,
 Than thine, that held the standard of reform
 In life-long conflict, still unfaltering!

Thine was the sweet reward of homes restored,
 Of fathers' joy o'er prodigals returned,
 Of penitential hope and faith that burned
 In sin-dark hearts, enkindled at thy word.
 But sweeter yet the heavenly welcome home
 At last, "Thou blessed of my Father, come!"

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

Probably before this meets the eyes of our readers the greater number will have been previously informed of the death of the revered proprietor of this magazine at his home in Philadelphia, on Friday, March 6th, at eleven o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Arthur had been in the enjoyment of fairly good health until within a month, when he began to ail and speak of a pain in his side. A fortnight later he was compelled to rest entirely from his work, and, ten days after that, his physicians pronounced his malady incurable.

During the entire period of his last illness, Mr. Arthur's mind was perfectly clear and his judgment wholly uninfluenced by his bodily pains. In the first stage of the disease he thought recovery probable, but later on, believing that his end was near, he proceeded to set his affairs in order in about the same methodical manner that he would have done had he been required to go a journey to a distant country. Not once did he express the slightest fear as to his condition when his spirit had deserted its earthly tenement, nor did he harbor the shadow of a doubt as to the certainty and blessedness of the future life; indeed, he rarely spoke of the matter, and scarcely seemed to think at all of himself. His only concern was as to the happiness of the children whom he was about to leave and as to the welfare and prosperity of many and intimate friends.

When at last the tie was broken that held him to this life, the end was as peaceful as his smile. The long sleep seemed a welcome relief, and his rest was like the slumber of a little child.

The pains of grief are too great, the sorrow caused by this separation is too recent, to make now a review of Mr. Arthur's life, and, indeed, such seems hardly necessary for the readers of this magazine. What his purposes in life were is sufficiently shown in his writings. Dramatic effect or literary reputation were held by him to be matters of the utmost in consequence, as compared with the moral teaching that he designed

his works to effect. His one great aim was to show that "what a man sows, that shall he also reap," and that the only substantial prosperity in this world, the only hope for happiness in the next, is to be found in honorable dealing and by conforming all the acts of life to the Golden Rule.

He never wrote without a high moral purpose, and certainly at his end could not wish to recall a word that he had committed to print because of failure in that respect. His aim in life was matured at a very early period, and, seeing the work that he thought it his duty to do, he never swerved a hair's breadth from it in a life exceptionally long in its literary popularity.

May the readers of Mr. Arthur's writings, to whose benefit his life and best powers were most conscientiously devoted, be able to reap in their better lives some of the results of his usefulness, and share with his children a memory, of which it may truthfully be written:

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD."

Philadelphia, March 9th, 1885.

AS TO THE FUTURE.

IT may interest the subscribers to the "HOME" to know that its management and aims will be in no way disturbed by the death of Mr. Arthur. For a long time past the chief part of the editorial work has been done by one of his children, who will now continue to have charge of it. The purposes of the founder will be respected in all things, and what he wished it to be in the domestic life of its readers and what it has been, that it will continue to be. By this is not meant that changes may not become necessary. Mr. Arthur was always ready to move forward with any step in that direction. Times change, and people with them, and periodicals must also change or, ceasing to be of service, come to an end; but these need not be sudden nor radical, and our readers will always find its pages the mirror only of what is pure and true and good.

The editor is perfectly well aware that the circulation of a periodical may readily be extended by catering to a present widely diffused taste for what is wholly sensational in literature, and that what has been aptly called the "penny dreadful" is a style attractive to many readers whose tastes are not necessarily vicious, but who seek relief from care and worry by an indulgence in what they may think is not strictly a wholesome mental diet, but which absorbs the attention easily. The end which we seek in conducting this magazine is, however, a higher one than mere diversion, and it will be our endeavor to present to readers a species of literature that shall not only divert their thoughts from the ordinary affairs of life, but lead them in a direction that will not vitiate their tastes nor pall upon them—in a word, to make the magazine worthy of its name and worthy to enter as a welcome friend to that most sacred place on earth, "The Home."

Important Discoveries

facts: That the greatest evils have often had their rise from causes which were deemed, originally, of too little importance to occasion solicitude; and that fatal results proceed from the neglect of trivial ailments. Philip G. Raymond, Duluth, Minn., writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Kidney Complaint, from which I had suffered for years." The transmission of a message over a

are made by scientists, from time to time, which astonish the world, but there has been no discovery, in science or medicine, more important than that of Ayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, which has restored health and strength to thousands. Benj. F. Tucker, Pensacola, Fla., writes: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Liver and Bilious troubles, when everything else failed." The usefulness of the

Telegraph

wire is not a more positive proof of the electric current, than are pimples and boils of the contamination of the blood by impure matter. Albert H. Stoddard, 59 Rock st., Lowell, Mass., says: "For years my blood has been in a bad condition. The circulation was so feeble that I suffered greatly from numbness of the feet and legs; I was also afflicted with boils. After taking three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my blood circulates freely, and I have no boils or numbness." Like an

Telephone

is enhanced by the fact that it can be used to order Ayer's Sarsaparilla from your druggist. Dr. John Hoffman, Morrisania, N. Y., writes: "In all diseases arising from an impure and vitiated condition of the blood, there is no relief so prompt and sure as that afforded by Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Dr. A. B. Roberson, Chapel Hill, N. C., writes: "I wish to express my appreciation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have used it in my practice, in Scrofulous cases, with excellent results."

Electric

shock, the pains of Rheumatism dart through the body. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and needs an alterative treatment. Charles Foster, 370 Atlantic ave., Boston, Mass., says: "Two years ago I was prostrated by Rheumatism. I tried a variety of remedies, with little benefit, until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This helped me, and, at the end of the fifth bottle, I was entirely cured." Miss A. Atwood, 143 I st., South Boston, Mass., says: "I have been ill a long time, from poverty of the blood and abscesses.

Lighting

up the faces, and relieving the sufferings of thousands, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has brought happiness to the homes of rich and poor alike. Mrs. Joseph Perreault, Little Canada, Harris Block, Lowell, Mass., is a widow; the only support of three children. Several months ago she was suffering from general debility, and was compelled to give up work. Medical attendance failed to do any good, but, by the use of a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, she has been enabled to resume her work, and is gaining strength daily. Use Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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Sold throughout the World.

VIEWS OF THE HON. WM. PENN NIXON.

Mr. Nixon is widely known as the editor of *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*, one of the most outspoken and spirited dailies of the present age. Like many other busy editors, Mr. Nixon overworked himself, and about six years ago found that his health was gradually running down. His business associates and his family felt that he was in a perilous condition and urged him to take rest—giving up, for awhile, all editorial labor. His natural ambition and his long habits of diligent work were against this. Declining the suggestion of a vacation, he kept at his desk. At last, after fighting for some months with the condition of his system which was gradually undermining his vitality, Mr. Nixon concluded to take a few weeks of rest. Of that rest and what followed it we will let him tell in his own words, as communicated to one of our correspondents who recently visited him at his editorial rooms in Chicago.

Mr. Nixon, who now appears in the prime of life and in the full vigor of bodily and mental vitality, said substantially: "It was in February, 1878, that I took a severe cold. My system had become much worked down, and, driven with constant editorial duty, I had neglected it. After long consideration I concluded to take needed rest. I went to Florida and Cuba for a few weeks. On the way I had several hemorrhages from the lungs. I was quite sick, and returned in no better condition than before. My wife was much alarmed about me. The physician who attended me on my return gave me inhalations, tonics, alteratives, and pills; after taking which for about two weeks I was weaker. I kept at my work, which was exacting. By September my state had become critical. I lost flesh and suffered from a severe soreness in the upper part of my right lung. My wife's sister, who was in Boston, wrote about a treatment which was novel to me—Compound Oxygen. A relative of hers who had been in such poor health that he had been compelled to spend several winters in Florida, had been restored by this Compound Oxygen to such an extent that he was able to endure the climate of Boston in winter. The little book issued by Starkey & Palen on Compound Oxygen was sent me, and after reading it I concluded that even if their method of treating my ailments could do me no good, there was reason to suppose that it would do me no harm.

"I procured a 'Home Treatment' from the office of Messrs. Starkey & Palen, in Philadelphia, determining to give it a fair trial and abide the result. Four or five months I took the inhalations at regular intervals twice a day, continuing my work steadily.

At first no marked effect was observed—in fact, not until three or four weeks. Then I began to feel that it was doing me good. I found that when I was exposed to the cold and to chilling drafts, my power of resistance was greater than it had been. There was no exhilaration, but there was a constant increase of strength. I still coughed considerably, and, in fact, did so for some months. The sore spot on my right lung gave me much annoyance. I rubbed my chest with various liniments and I wore a chest-protector. But gradually the soreness went away as the lung gained strength. And the cough which had so long clung to me at last went off in an unexpected manner. One of the last coughing-spells I had was almost as severe and extended as any I had ever experienced. It seemed to be the going out of the cough habit. There was probably some extraneous matter in the way, and this severe spell of coughing got rid of it.

"I gained flesh very slowly, but gradually came back to my original weight, and now weigh more than before my illness. I am more able to resist cold, and, though I now take cold occasionally, I am far less subject to it than I was of old. My digestion, which was, of course, disordered, is now all that I can desire, and I am able to do my customary work without inconvenience or serious fatigue. I have never given a testimonial to any patent medicine and I would not, but I do not consider Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen a patent medicine. It is a vitalizer and a restorer, and to it I owe my life."

"Mr. Nixon, did you ever take any other 'Oxygen Treatment' than that of Messrs. Starkey & Palen?"

"No; I had no use for any other. This served the purpose perfectly, and did even more than I could have expected of it."

"Do you ever have occasion to return to the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment since your restoration to health?"

"Only occasionally; for instance, if I have been exposed and have taken cold. But I keep a 'Home Treatment' in my family, for we set a high value on its efficiency in cases of need, and several of my friends have found the advantage of it. You may put me on record as being a hearty and thorough believer in it."

Mr. Nixon's case is not a peculiar one. Thousands have been benefited by the use of Compound Oxygen. Among those who have experienced its wonderful curative properties are Judge Flanders, of New York, Edward L. Wilson, the popular lecturer and photographer, Judge Kelley, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the eminent lecturer, and many others equally prominent.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.—Dr. John Turner, 138 Fifth Avenue, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Matthews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DEPOSITORY IN CANADA.—E. W. D. King, 58 Church Street, Toronto, will fill orders for Compound Oxygen in the Dominion of Canada.

FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.—Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by the undersigned. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who buy it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover.

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